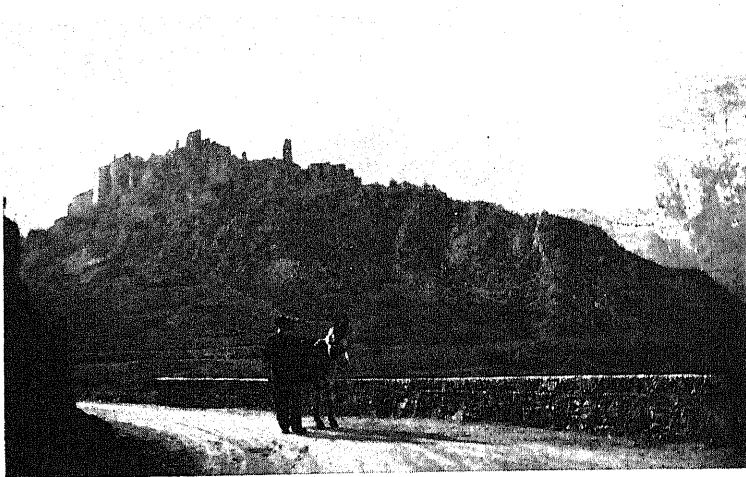


TRAVEL SKETCHES
Far and Near

First published: 1936



On the Road to Sospel

Frontispiece

TRAVEL SKETCHES

Far and Near

BY

R. & A. MALET DE CARTERET



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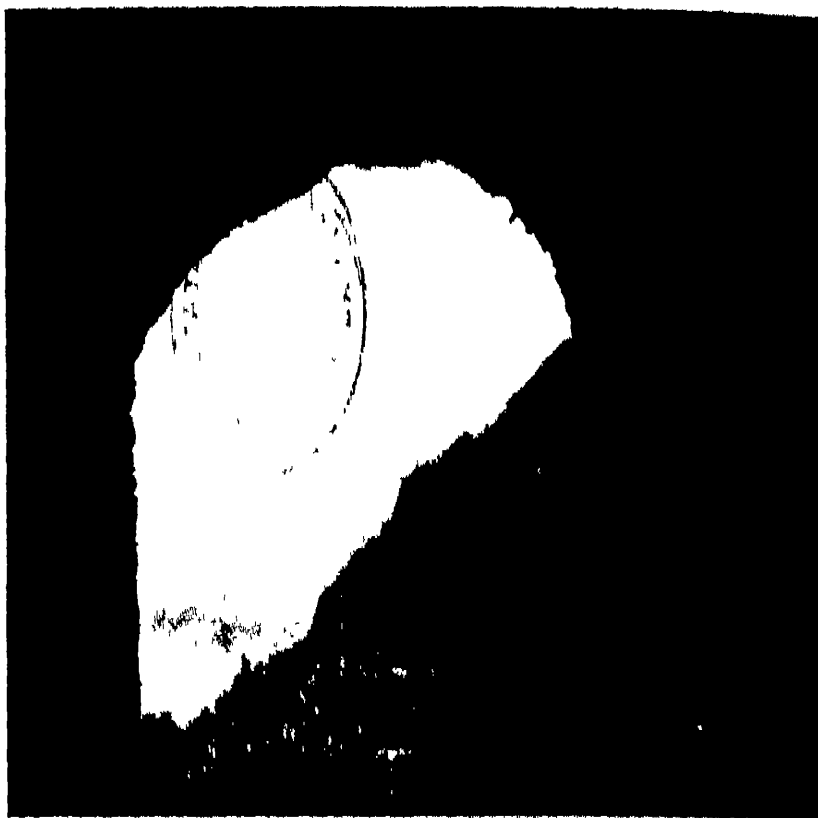
THESE short sketches may seem a little haphazard to the reader. They have been written at different times and in different places. Some of them have already appeared in various magazines and papers.

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MONTE CARLO
From an Archway in Rocquebrune

Facing page 9

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

FATE decreed that the family of cousins should go abroad. The eldest boy developed chest trouble, his lungs were threatened, the London specialist ordered that the winter must not be spent in England, the South of France was advised, and the move must be made as soon as possible. No sooner said than done. In a week the mother, a splendid organiser, had stored the furniture, dismissed the maids, packed, and the whole family including the father, the governess, the young black Newfoundland dog, and the talking parrot were in Paris, *en route* for the Riviera.

This party, walking about in the streets of Paris, created a certain amount of astonished talk: the five boys in full Scotch tartan, kilts and plaids; the two little girls, one as dark as the other was fair; and, to the Parisian no doubt, the most astonishing touch of all—the big Newfoundland dog with the parrot standing on his back calling out a word or two when unduly jostled.

The elders must have had a certain amount of worry and anxiety, but oh, what fun the younger ones got out of it all! The crowning touch was at the Riviera train. A whole compartment was reserved; but, when it came to the dog, the guard objected strongly. The mother, however, with a wave of her hands, said the dog would be heartbroken without his family, adding that he was only “un lou-lou à la main.” This description of a large, hefty dog quite paralysed the guard, and he hesitated so long that the dog, Clyde by name, had the discretion to hide himself under the seat, and the

train started amid whoops of triumph from the children, and Clyde soon came out from his hiding place to join in the fun.

There were no comfortable *wagon-lits*, or even *couchettes*. The children all packed on the floor for the night journey, or rather the boys did: the girls shared the seats with their elders—again, I think the elders had the worst of it; but there were no groushings or complaints from anyone; the whole episode including the handing round of sandwiches, instead of the usual evening meal, was part of the glorious adventure of travelling, and accepted as such.

One of the boys had a little difficulty with his newly-fledged pigeon that he had found deserted in its nest before leaving England, for, having a passion for all young birds and animals he had pushed it under his coat next to his skin and had, so far, fed it from his mouth with soft food. The baby pigeon did not seem to care much for sandwiches; still, he got through all right, none the worse for the change of diet, any more than his human friends were.

I wonder if anyone who cares for beauty will ever forget their first arrival on the Riviera in winter. The bare trees, cold grey weather, dark depressing atmosphere seem, by the touch of a magic wand, to have vanished for ever. Instead there are red rocks, golden mimosa, brilliant blue sea, and sky equally blue, and flowers everywhere; above all the golden sunshine; underneath, the green grass; the palm trees, lemon trees, olive trees with their grey-green, silvery hue, their gnarled and twisted branches, and at their roots violets, anemones, maiden hair. It is the fashion now among a certain set of travellers to decry Mentone, saying that its many hotels have quite spoilt it. Those who have loved and admired it when the hotels were

few and far between, point out that these hotels are but a useful fringe, enabling the travellers to rest and to visit the lofty Alpes Maritimes at their back, to climb the red rocks, and to search out the interesting historical places in the immediate neighbourhood; for Mentone and its environs have a most entrancing history. Long before Roman times the country round had been inhabited. The skeleton of a troglodyte who lived in the stone age some twenty thousand years B.C. has been found there. Here in the fifteenth century B.C. the place was peopled with Sigurians, who fought over and over again to defend their territory till at last the Roman, Augustus, conquered them, leaving, in memory of the conquest, the massive monument of La Turbie to celebrate his victory. The Phoenicians passed through; so did the Greeks. Later came the Saracens in the tenth century who, after much fighting, were driven out by William, Count of Provence, and Gebelin Grimaldi. For a time this principality came under the Spanish Protectorate in the sixteenth century. Then in 1848 Mentone and Roquebrune revolted and constituted themselves free towns. Finally, after the Italian war, their two Communes and Nice were annexed to France, and with France have remained. All these peoples and nations have left their mark, and delightful are the places to be visited and the tales that are told about them.

Lucky indeed was this young family of cousins to spend two years in this enchanting country with its temperate climate, which saved the lungs of the eldest boy; with the daily bathes on the beach, the long walks and climbs, the keen, vivid interest of each day.

As everyone knows, you step straight from Mentone into Italy. On the border on both the French and Italian sides are gendarmes, ready to examine every parcel

however small, so that nothing taxable can be carried through from one country to another. It was a keen delight to two of the boys of the party to get empty cigar boxes and carry them over the Pont Saint Louis, which was the bridge dividing the two countries. They were always called upon to stop, but darted on, pursued by the gendarmes who, after an exciting race, generally caught them, to find of course nothing at all in the boxes. After a time the gendarmes gave them up as a bad job, and did not trouble either to examine their parcels or to stop them, which, of course, put an end to all the fun. Then the whole family took to going over a very narrow, dangerous path which ran along a ravine above the Pont Saint Louis, which had been used by smugglers when they wished to avoid the guards on the bridge. But they got no kick out of that, for they were by that time too well known. The guards smiled, shrugged their shoulders and left the matter at that.

Soon a much loved, and young for his age, grandfather was added to the family party in their villa in Mentone. He was a great walker, talker and gardener, and much longer expeditions were undertaken under his care and leadership, and all sorts of uncommon wild plants brought back to plant in the garden.

The longest and one of the most interesting expeditions was to the ruins of the Castle of Sainte Agnes, which is in the circle of mountains which surrounds Mentone. A good three hours' steady climb up, even for grown-ups, longer for children; but what a magnificent view when the top is reached! On the spot occupied by the ruins, a doughty Saracen chief of the name of Haroun established his power in the tenth century, bringing with him many captives from the Province; among them was a girl of illustrious birth and great beauty, called Anna. Her courage and goodness

were as great as her beauty, and Haroun fell deeply in love with her. She made no return to his advances, and at last he said: "Anna, you know that I love you, you know that my fortune and life are yours; will you be mine?"

"My lord," she said, "You are a Moslem and I am a Christian."

The Saracen hesitated, then said: "Anna, be mine—not as a slave, but as an honoured wife. I no longer possess either creed or worship, but I am willing to do anything for you; for your sake I will be instructed in your faith, will give up my country, and your God shall be my God."

Said Anna, "In return, I am yours, Haroun."

So Haroun, with his mother, Anna and some trusty servants went to Marseilles, was instructed in the Christian faith, baptised in the Abbey Saint Victor, married to Anna, and no more attacked and pillaged the Christians.

After his death Anna came to seek retirement in the village on the slope, at the foot of Sainte Agnes, and founded a chapel there, where she frequently prayed for the conversion of the Moors.

Between the two bays of Mentone, the West Bay and the Garavan, rises the old picturesque town, with closely packed houses reaching up to the beautiful cemeteries. One steep flight of stairs leads up to the parish church, dedicated to Saint Michael, the patron saint of the town. The streets are narrow and sombre and very quiet till working hours are over, then crowds appear, and everything becomes animated with people shouting and talking to each other, loaded donkeys and mules braying in chorus. At every corner one may see an artist putting his impressions on paper.

At the foot of the town is the harbour, protected from

winds with a sea wall surmounted by a promenade, filled with both pleasure and trading boats and yachts. The flower and fruit market is close at hand. Very beautiful is the view when, descending from the old town to the Place du Cap, one walks along the Quai Bonaparte towards Garavan. The hillsides, which are dominated by the lofty height of the Berceau, come down to the sea in a wonderful succession of terraces, with many villas and hotels with lovely gardens dotted on them. One goes on till one reaches the Bridge of Saint Louis, and the view from that bridge looking back to Mentone is difficult to beat anywhere in the world for sheer romantic beauty; the mountain streams falling in cascades, the rocks so warm in colour, full of mysterious caves, fantastic in shape; wild plants clinging to the steep crags above, while below, the gardens, filled with many kinds of palms and tropical plants, leave an impression behind which can never be forgotten.

Among the many places which were visited in the neighbourhood was Gorbio, not far from Sainte Agnes, and on the road to Roquebrune. In the Val de Gorbio, which is sheltered from winds and has abundance of water, grow wild flowers in masses; over a thousand different species can be found there. In Gorbio itself there is one house to notice, the former residence of the Lascaris, with a tower ornamented with escutcheons. Roquebrune wants to be visited many times; perched as it is on a very steep hill, it looks as if it had fallen there centuries ago; indeed the old popular saying about it (translated) is: "Old Roccabruna fell down the hillside, the yellow broom caught it and made it abide." It has a tenth century castle which was pillaged by the Corsairs, and afterwards partly destroyed by the Duc de Guise. It has now been restored, and has a caretaker whose great pleasure it is to show people its beauties

especially the barrel-shaped roofs. The narrow streets of this little town climb up under arches which are cut out of the living rock, yet the village priest manages to have a little garden where he gives a kindly welcome to visitors. The views of the coast through archways and narrow streets come unexpectedly upon one, very striking and attractive, as wandering artists find.

The road up to Sospel could be taken by carriage, donkeys or on foot, and now by train, and what a wonderful excursion it is, passing through the Val de Carci and following the torrent, it leads to Les Monti with its trim little modern church, passes the Gourg-del-Ora with its two-roomed grotto, where Bernard the Hermit lived for years, gets by short zig-zags to the pass of Castillon, where the new town is, while higher up is the old Castillon, the ancient Saracen town destroyed by earthquake. On through wild-looking country to picturesque Sospel which lies on the river Berera. This river cuts the town in two, which is connected again by an old bridge with a tower in the middle. Sospel boasts that it was founded by a companion of Hercules the Phoenician. Nowadays people go there for golf.

The walk to La Mortola is not too far for the active-footed; one passes the gardens that used to belong to Dr. Bennett, who was one of the first to foresee the great future for Mentone with its exceptional climate and beautiful surroundings, then on through the village of Grimaldi; a lovely walk with the panorama of the coast on the right, then visit the tropical gardens of La Mortola.

A little further on is Ventimiglia—which is the town of the Lascaris, who are counts of Ventimiglia, of Tenda, and of La Briga; Seigneurs of Castella, of Chateau Neuf, of Roquebrune and other places. The Cathedral here has one chapel with a beautiful

octagonal font, which is said to date back to the third century.

In this happy out-of-door life—for even lessons were studied under the olive trees—two minor tragedies took place. The baby pigeon had thriven and grown into a large bird, the devoted pet of the boy who had saved him and fed him, always on his shoulder, or strutting about beside him in the garden till one morning while lessons were going on, the pigeon meanwhile scratching about in the garden beside his friend, a large wild cat crept down the terrace, seized the pigeon and ran off with it. In an instant the boy followed, shouting at the cat who, still carrying the bird, hurried off towards the mountains with the boy in hot pursuit. He was away for hours, for the cat was an active runner; when he returned it was with the skin of the cat, and with a white set face he said that the pigeon was dead long before he could catch the wild cat. He never spoke of the matter again.

Then there was a most attractive kitten whom it was pretty to see with the big black Newfoundland, Clyde—she always slept between his paws, patted his face with her little paws, played with his tail, which he used to gently wave about for her benefit, and sometimes would jump lightly on his back and walk about with him. But Clyde had a temper, as the children all knew. One morning he was eating his breakfast, and the kitten came frolicking up to take a little bite; the dog, hungry and in a temper, turned on her with a savage snarl and with one bite broke her back. The cry went round: "Clyde has killed the Kitty!" and Clyde was well whipped, but indeed, poor beast, he did not need it; he seemed quite to realise that he had killed his little playfellow. All that day he lay in a corner by himself and would eat nothing or look at anybody; for days

afterwards he was depressed and slunk about alone. He was a dog of strong affections and very jealous, most particularly fond of his mistress and especially jealous of the youngest boy whom the mother often took on her knee; his eyes were angry when he looked at him; but he knew that he must not show this or he would be banished from the company of his beloved mistress. So he bided his time and waited for a good chance. One afternoon on the beach he had been bathing with all the family, and was not at all pleased that the youngest boy was being taught to swim by his mother, and was receiving much attention in consequence. As soon as she had gone into her tent to dress, he deliberately walked up to the little fellow, pushed him down in the shallow water, put his paws on his chest and held him under water. In a moment the other children drove him off, and the thrashing Clyde received he never forgot, but what affected him more was that his mistress did not speak to him or look at him for days.

Those who are interested in animals and birds would have been amused at the way the parrot got the upper hand over the big Newfoundland, teasing him and constantly laughing at him; calling him for food in a voice exactly imitated from the human beings round, and then when the dog came rushing up to be fed, he would dance up and down on a tree or fence well above his reach, shouting with laughter, "Ha-ha-ha," till the dog, who well understood that he was being made game of, became nearly mad with rage. The only time a truce was proclaimed was when they did any travelling together, when the parrot at once took a seat on his back, holding on to his thick curly hair, and encouraging him in a soft cooing voice. But the parrot had his thin times when walks and expeditions were taken by the family, for he was left at home to brood in melancholy

silence, while the dog went springing off for the walks.

One long excursion was made to Bordighera, the city of palms, as it is called, for they supply Rome with palm branches for Palm Sunday. "And why was this privilege granted them?" we asked, with a good deal of curiosity.

The story runs thus: At the end of the sixteenth century Pope Sixtus V wanted to have an obelisk which Caligula had brought to Rome, put up in the Piazza San Pietro. It weighed nearly a thousand tons and was difficult to manipulate, and terribly difficult to raise. Orders were given that not a word should be spoken under pain of death, so that the orders of the architect could be clearly heard. Twelve attempts were made, and at last, with the help of 900 men and 140 horses, the obelisk began to mount, till it only wanted a few inches to get in its place—then one of the cables snapped and no more headway was made. Suddenly a voice called out: "Water the ropes, water the ropes!" The wise architect acted on this advice, and the ropes, tightened by the water, did their work and the huge stone was placed on its pedestal.

The man who had spoken was arrested. The Pope pardoned him at once, and asked what reward he would like for his good advice. He modestly asked that his village of Bordighera might supply all the palm branches used in Rome on Palm Sundays. As pretty a story this, as that of Herve Riel, of whom Browning writes.

Two years passed in pleasant work and play, in healthy out-of-door life for this large happy family. Then the eldest son had to see the lung specialist once more, who said there was a marvellous improvement, the trouble was arrested, but that he must not face an English winter again till he was over twenty-five.

What was to be done? English boys with their future before them must have an education which could not be got in the South of France; finally it was decided to go to Australia where education was good, and the climate excellent; the Newfoundland and the parrot were also taken; but the cousins were divided, not to meet again for several years, when they had many more pleasant travels together, and much to talk about.



A View of Middle Harbour, Sydney

"OUR BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR"

It is one of the stock jokes of Australia—the way Sydney-siders brag of "our beautiful harbour." They "poke it at them" from one end of the Commonwealth to the other; they declare that the welcome to overseas visitors depends entirely on their answer to the invariable first question: "What do you think of the harbour?" And the climax is reached in the story, apocryphal, of course, of the man-o'-war newly arrived on the station, which steamed up to her moorings in Farm Cove hanging a board over her quarter, with the inscription: "We have seen your beautiful harbour and we admire it very much." These jibes may possibly have a slight basis of truth—perhaps they are a trifle too insistent, and cry up their own wares a thought too loudly—but the habit has become second nature. What his boulevards are to the Parisian, what Naples is to the Italian of the South, or the Rhine to the sons of the Fatherland, that, and no less, is "our harbour" to the Cornstalk. It is his standard of beauty in Nature.

And with very good reason. For although the claim of Sydney Harbour to be unquestionably the most beautiful in the world may not be universally admitted, yet there is no doubt that it ranks high amongst the first half-dozen, while from the point of view of commodiousness and safety it is probably an easy first. The New Zealander may rave of Auckland, with the triple-coned volcano, Rangitoto, lying athwart the entrance; the Tasmanian, pointing scornfully at Sydney's low-lying shores, may extol the mountains of his Derwent

estuary and grand old Mount Wellington brooding above Hobart; to the Neapolitan, fresh from the many-coloured loveliness of his native bay, the blue-grey gums and the Sydney whitewash may seem but vain things; but each of them is more than likely to rank the beauty of Sydney as second only to that of his own beloved town. Small wonder then that her sons place her at the very head of all, and that many strangers agree with them.

New South Wales is not rich in harbours, beautiful or otherwise. There is Twofold Bay in the extreme south, a fine natural haven, which, in the old days, was a great resort of the ships engaged in the whaling industry. The practical disappearance of whales from these latitudes has naturally been followed by the break-up of the whaling fleet, and the quiet of Twofold Bay is now rarely broken save by the visit of the bi-weekly coasting steamer to the little township of Eden. Further up the coast the coaling ports of Wollongong, Bulli, and Port Kembla, are harbours only by courtesy; they are practically open roadsteads, and during bad weather the visiting colliers have to lie-to off-shore till the warning cone is hauled down from the signal post. Botany Bay, a few miles south of Sydney, recommended as a good site for a colony by Captain Cook, on his discovering it in 1770, is far too shallow and exposed ever to have made a harbour.

Cook himself actually entered what is now Sydney Harbour but took it to be a mere "open bay in which there appeared to be good anchorage"; and it was not until 1788 that Captain Arthur Phillip, who had been sent out in charge of eleven ships to found a convict settlement, finding himself unable to agree with Cook's estimate of Botany Bay, determined to explore the coast to the northward. In doing so he penetrated

further up the "open bay" and discovered it to be, in reality, one of the finest harbours of the world. The mouths of the northern rivers Macleay, Clarence, Richmond and the rest, are all more or less encumbered by sand-bars which prevent the approach of anything more than very moderate-sized shipping; even Newcastle on the Hunter, the principal coal town and third port of Australia, is difficult of access in certain states of the weather. So that it is not for its beauty alone that Sydney has reason to be proud of "our beautiful harbour."

Sydney Harbour—the official title of Port Jackson is now very seldom heard—is a long narrow inlet running nearly due east and west. From the Heads to the town of Parramatta, at the top of the long arm known as the Parramatta River, is about twenty-five miles. The breadth is nowhere more than from two to two-and-a-half miles. The coastline is remarkably indented, three main branches, Middle Harbour, Lane Cove River, and Parramatta River stretching like tentacles away from the main body; each of these, as well as the main body itself, is again broken up and diversified by innumerable bays, winding creeks, and far-reaching inlets. The total coastline of Port Jackson has been computed at well over a thousand miles; no stream of any importance flows in.

The entrance is formed by the bold dark mass of North Head, standing straight out to sea with a sheer cliff-fall of about two hundred feet, and by the gentler-looking South Head, which slopes up more gradually from the water and is crowned by the Macquarie Lighthouse. Something less than a mile of water separates the two Heads.

Sydney itself lies principally on the southern shore, nine to ten miles up; the suburbs straggle in and out on

both sides of the harbour, following the curves of bay and headland and pushing their way inland along the lines of railway; it is almost as shapeless a town as London.

Circular Quay is the hub of Sydney, not only actually in the present, but also historically. It is the modern edition of Sydney Cove, on whose shores Phillip, on the 26th day of January, 1788, hoisted the British flag and founded the city of Sydney. To quote Phillip's own words: "This cove is about a quarter of a mile across at the entrance, and half a mile in length. In it ships can anchor so close to the shore that at a very small expense quays can be made at which the largest ships may unload."

Immediately to the east of Circular Quay, on the point separating it from Farm Cove, haunt of the man-o'-war, lie Government House and grounds, flanked by the famous Botanical Gardens; and two miles or so further up the harbour, i.e. westwards, traffic of any size ceases, and the two long inlets, the Lanc Cove and Parramatta Rivers, used only by ferry-steamers and pleasure-parties, wind away into the interior, separated for the first mile or two only by the long, narrow peninsula of Hunter's Hill, the prettiest of all Sydney's residential suburbs. Enough of dry topography.

With a playground such as this, and a climate like theirs, you may imagine whether the citizens of Sydney take to the water like ducks or not. Yachting, in the English sense of the term, i.e. cruising in the open for weeks at a time, there is practically none; comparatively few men can keep yachts of the requisite size, or can spare the time. But everyone who can possibly manage it keeps some sort of craft—sailing, rowing or canoeing—of his own; and the "Boats for Hire" signs are like the snipe in the Irishman's bog, they fairly

jostle one another hereabouts. Every fine half-holiday the harbour is white with the wings of the “mosquito fleet” as they call it, half-decked sixteen to twenty-two-footers manned by half-a-dozen youngsters, who sit on the gunwale and stretch themselves far back to windward as she lies down under her racing canvas in the run down to the mark-boat.

Some profane new chum compared it to “sailing in a skimming-dish round your mother’s wash-tub,” and to those who have knocked about round the Outer Hebrides or threshed their way down Channel in the teeth of a south-wester there may be some truth in the comparison. But it is not all plain sailing in Sydney Harbour, sheltered though it be. The sudden puffs of wind from the narrow gullies and the numberless promontories are remarkably treacherous, the “southerly buster” has a trick of roaring up the coast at forty miles an hour with scarce a moment’s warning; the mosquito fleet is built for speed rather than endurance, and is apt to turn turtle with disconcerting suddenness and—there are always the sharks.

The sharks of Sydney Harbour have their own reputation, and it is not a nice one. It is said that in the old days no cordon of boats was required at night round the convict station on Cockatoo Island—the sharks were sufficient guard. However that may be, there is no doubt as to the dangerous character of their present-day descendants. Summer is their most vicious season, when the harbour is more or less infested by these pests. Young Sydney cherishes a fond belief that the upper reaches of Middle Harbour, most ideal of picnic and camping grounds, are immune, thanks to a sandbar entitled the Spit, which stretches right across the creek a mile or so up; but pleasure skiffs and even shallow draught steam-launches have no difficulty in

negotiating the Spit, and where these can go Jack Shark can surely follow. Probably their undoubted rarity in this part is simply due to the greater amount of food to be found in the wide stretches of the harbour proper.

Not a season passes without numerous dogs and perhaps half-a-dozen careless bathers being taken down by the brutes; the following story, which will probably be scouted as a "yarn" though literally true, will sufficiently attest their voracity. Some summers ago a party of children with their nurse and dog were playing on a little sandy beach on the Lane Cove River, a "river," be it understood, which at low tide, as it then was, is simply a maze of barely covered sandbanks through which the ferry-boats follow a devious channel. The dog was standing a yard or so from the water's edge, when, with a swirl and a rush, a twelve-foot shark literally flung himself up on to the beach, bit the wretched animal in half, and with another powerful contraction of all his muscles, rolled back into the water and got clear away.

The writer saw his own dog, a very powerful retriever, get his head snapped clean off within three yards of the shore and in less than two feet of water; the poor beast had an incurable habit of grubbing after stones in the shallows, and one hot afternoon on being let off the chain he rushed headlong down the garden to enjoy his favourite amusement, ran in up to his middle, plunged in like a boy "taking a duck," and—only his headless body rose to the surface. In this case the shark must have been desperate from absolute starvation, as poor old Roy was a big dog, and used to make noise and splashing enough to scare any ordinary shark out of its wits.

How about bathing, then? Well, it certainly is not

as universal as it would otherwise be, but most people who live in a water-frontage house enclose sufficient for a modest swim, and there are many public swimming baths in various parts of the harbour, while surfing in the golden days of summer is not confined to the ocean beaches. The fine harbour beaches also attract thousands of people. Surfing is almost universal for those who are young and strong enough to enjoy it. As for the ordinary small boy, he is much the same all the world over. Neither the poisonous mud of the Thames nor the sharks of Port Jackson will deter him if he feels like going in; and who shall say that, of the two, the off-chance of a shark is not better than the certainty of reeking filth?

But sharks cannot interfere with the joys of picnics or of camping out, and these are Sydney's dearest pleasures. On a fine public holiday half the city is afloat on the harbour, or picnicking in some quiet corner of its shore. The boat-loads of young men and maidens stream out by the hundred to every creek and bay, the thin blue smoke of the fire where the billy boils rises from every sheltered nook; they return home under the big white moon singing in lusty chorus, their boats heaped high with branches of golden wattle or huge bunches of the edelweiss-like flannel-flower.

For the Christmas or Easter holidays a party of young men will hire a tent and a boat, load up with blankets, provisions and fishing bait, and then—hey for the furthestmost recesses of Middle Harbour or Lane Cove, and a week of Robinson Crusoe freedom—catch and cook your own dinner, bathe from daylight to dark, sail and row and loaf and doze and scour the bush, dress when you like and as you like, and at night roll yourself up in your blanket with nothing between you and the eternal stars but a single fold of canvas. The

city might be a thousand miles away, your dwelling-place is primeval forest.

It is a grand experience for street-bred people, and so fascinating is the life to some that permanent camps are occasionally got up. These, of course, are more elaborate: half-a-dozen sleeping tents, a marquee as common sitting room, a man to "do chores," to cook and to look after things in the absence of the owners. The amateur Crusoes catch the nearest ferry-boat to their daily work, each goes his own way to law-court, chambers or office, and at night they return to their peaceful solitude. With a party who fit into each other's tastes, this life will continue for months or even years: surely it is better than bachelor lodgings or a stuffy boarding-house! One of the party may happen to fall from grace, to sink back into the Slough of Respectability, a mere tax-paying, suburban villa-dwelling Benedict, but there are plenty of candidates for his vacant place, and the camp, like the regiment, is undying. One such has been in existence for nearly ten years.

But of the beauty of Sydney Harbour who can fittingly write? It is not grand, magnificent or overpowering; it does not boldly challenge your admiration or undeniably compel your instant homage: rather it steals upon you gently, winds its way into your heart unawares, takes soft but firm possession of your affections, till you find yourself prizing its calm and peaceful loveliness above all the rugged glories of the mountains. It needs the sun, as indeed does most Australian scenery, but the sun is nearly always there. Given a cold raw day with the short waves breaking angrily and the grey clouds hurrying across the leaden sky, while the gums toss their arms in misery as the fierce rain squalls whip them, and the Harbour is not beautiful; it has

all the ugliness of storm with none of its grandeur.

But such days are rare, and for weeks together it is a dream of beauty. See it on an early spring morning when the low white mists are slowly melting before the scarce-risen sun, when the bush is still dark and dripping with dew, and the night-shadows have hardly yet trooped back to their hiding place; when the half-seen level lanes of water are vistas of delicate pearly grey shot towards the East with faintest pink and tenderest green; when the spires of Sydney and the distant headlands show dimly through the thinning haze; when the infinitely distant dome of faintest blue, unspiced by cloud, speaks of heat to come though all is still cool and fresh; when the morning chorus of the kookaburras is the only sound that breaks the shadowy silence—see it then, and translate it into words if you can.

Or go up to the North Shore heights in the full blaze of a summer noon, and look out over the sapphire expanse, edged with a ribbon of golden sand and set in the sombre emerald of the bush. The soft north-east breeze comes languidly in over a thousand leagues of ocean, scarcely raising a cat's-paw on the rippleless blue mirror at your feet, the sails of the idly drifting coasters flap uselessly, and only the energy of the untiring ferry-boats seems proof against the all-conquering heat.

Over against you, the great city, her thousand masts traced hard against the white-hot sky, feels the feverish summer pulsating through all her veins; to the left bay after bay, headland after headland, piled high with crowded terraces or studded with lordly pleasure-houses set deep in gardens of palm and aloe, lead the eye to where a thin trail of smoke shows some homeward-bound liner disappearing seawards behind Bradley's Head. Turn to the right, and follow the windings of the Parramatta River, a slender ribbon appearing and

disappearing in glimpses of brilliant blue as creek and tributary inlet alternately show through the screen of trees, or are hidden by the intervening foliage. And if, after this panoramic view of the Harbour you desire a closer acquaintance with her beauties, take the Lane Cove Ferry and spend a long beautiful hour steaming leisurely across and across the "river," and stopping at wharf after wharf along the steep villa-clad slopes of Hunter's Hill.

Then, when you have reached the final stopping-place, hire a skiff and pull yourself slowly onwards, past rock-hung inlets and mangrove-grown swamps and islets, past echo-haunted hillsides and fern-fringed caves, past sandbanks where the little scarlet-legged seagulls wheel and scream, and up broad reaches whose silence is disturbed only by the splash of the leaping fish, past overhanging boulder and treacherous hidden reef, round many a curve and over many an unexpected shallow, till the "river" narrows suddenly between the orange orchards, and at long last your boat's keel grates on the stones at the end of a mile-long gorge, whose trees, interlacing a hundred feet above your head, all but shut out the sky. You will begin to know something of "our beautiful harbour" then, and, knowing, to love it.

Or again, at night, as you swing in your hammock in the cool verandah, and the huge round moon climbs slowly up above the opposite hill, throwing out the feathery outlines of the gums, turning each underleaf of the nearer trees to sparkling diamonds, and tracing a lane of trembling silver along the quiet water. The whole air is filled with a pure white radiance, through which the Circular Quay electric lights blaze and quiver, stabbing with their reflections the inky depths at their feet. From midharbour the Fort Denison signal-light

"OUR BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR" 31

gleams blood-red, the busy brilliant boats hurry
back and forth like red-and-green-eyed fireflies, the
outline of the further bays is traced in lines of stars, and
with pendulum-like regularity the giant light-beam
from far Macquarie lighthouse swings solemnly round
the horizon. Truly and indeed, as Henry Lawson sings,

Round the world there gleam the beacons of a thousand ports
of call,
But the lights of Sydney Harbour are the grandest of them all.

Truer couplet was never written.



A Home on a Sheep Station in New South Wales

Facing page 33

STATION LIFE IN NEW SOUTH WALES

OBSERVE, in the first place, that it is "Station." There are no ranches in Australia, neither are there sheep farms, nor cattle farms, nor haciendas, nor any of the picturesque names which some novelists apply with impartial inaccuracy to all stock-raising countries alike, to Texas or the Argentine, New Mexico or New South Wales. In Australia there are simply "stations"—sheep stations or cattle stations, but principally sheep. Stations connote "squatters." In most parts of the world the squatter is an out-at-elbows scallywag. In Australia he is a Territorial Magnate. He owns, or part owns, part leases anything between six thousand and a million and a half acres, whereon he "runs," or keeps, from five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand sheep; and he employs station-hands, and boundary riders, not cowboys or cattle punchers. Anything under a thousand acres or so is a "selection." A selection naturally belongs to a selector—"free-selector" is the official term. Selectors may be classed either as selectors pure and simple (though perhaps these adjectives scarcely express the average man), or as Cockatoo Selectors, commonly called "boss cockies." The distinction is unimportant, personal rather than official, and perplexing to the uninitiated. Let us confine ourselves to stations and squatters. They, at least, are comprehensible.

New South Wales is the principal sheep State of Australia. State, not Colony. There are no more Colonies since the Commonwealth was established, there are States—and don't you forget it, says Australia

generally. There are other industries in the State besides wool-growing—coal mines, gold, silver, and copper mines, opal and diamond mines, farming, fruit farming, dairy farming, and manufactures; but the main dependance of the country is on its sheep. Sheep first, sheep last, sheep all the time. “Jumbucks” is the term of endearment by which they are known up-country. It is a quaint name and its origin is “wropt in mystery”; perhaps, like Topsy, it “growcd.”

New South Wales is divided into three main divisions; Eastern, Central and Western, of which the last comprises nearly one-half the entire country. There are also Counties; but, except on maps, they do not count. In the Eastern Division are comparatively few stations, settlement is too thick and the land mostly too valuable for much of it to be given up to sheep or cattle. The Central Division contains perhaps the best sheep country in the State, consisting as it does largely of the western slopes and outlying spurs and flanks of the Blue Mountains and their various continuations, with fertile valleys and plains, good soil, and a fairly abundant and consistent rainfall—it gradually shades off into the illimitable plains of the West, with less and less rainfall and more and more sand, till you get fairly “out back” away beyond the Darling, right out towards Central Australia, where it takes ten or twelve acres to support one hungry sheep, where camels take the place of horses, and where the “Darling showers,” dust storms of unequalled malignity and penetrative power, riot unchecked. As a slight instance of the topsyturvydom of things in Australia it is worth noting that you go “outback” or “outside” to reach the interior, while the “inside country” is that on the sea-coast—you “come inside” to Sydney or Melbourne.

Let us visit a sheep station in the Central Division.

Swinton, adjoining the little bush township of Lothian—this part of the country was originally colonised by Scotsmen, and they have left their mark—is perhaps as good a specimen as one could wish for. Not too big to be comfortably handled, twelve miles by eight or thereabouts, compact and handy, fairly good climate rarely exceeding a hundred (F.) in the shade even in summer, tolerably safe and abundant rainfall, say thirty inches per annum save in exceptional seasons as at present, varied soil carrying good grass in the flats and sufficiently stony on the ranges to prevent the stock suffering from footrot, not too far from a railway (they do not think much of sixty miles in the bush). Swinton carries about thirty thousand sheep in ordinary seasons, and is as desirable a property as exists in New South Wales.

The house is a long rambling one-storey building with an eminently home-like air, and is buried in acacia and gum trees. A broad verandah runs the full length of the front, stone-paved for coolness, deep-eaved for shade. It makes the living rooms a trifle dark, but we are not in cloudy Europe, and coolness is our chief desire. It looks out on a garden which is alternately the joy and the despair of its mistress: the joy, when water is abundant and everything blossoms as the rose, the despair in the too often recurring “dry spells” when water is far too precious a gift to be wasted on mere flowers. Beyond the garden fence lie the “home paddocks,” laid down in grass, clover and lucerne for the benefit of the champion stud rams, pride of their owner’s heart and winners of many a gold medal at the Royal Agricultural Society’s shows, for the milch cows and for the riding and driving horses. The home paddocks melt insensibly into the flats bordering the creek which winds through the run, its banks thickly fringed with she-oaks and wattles,

whence a windmill pumps up the household water: there is a glimpse of the tin roofs of Lothian a mile or so away, and the view is closed in by gently swelling hills studded with gums. To right and left of the flats rise ranges of steep, rocky little hills thickly strewn with boulders and with a fair sprinkling of gum trees, but with very little undergrowth to tear the fleeces of the sheep. The stables, and the cottage of the head station hand and his family, are a few yards off to the right; and some little distance to the rear lies the slaughter-yard with its gallows for skinning and cutting up the carcasses, always haunted by a cloud of foul carrion crows. The men's huts, a distinctive feature of every homestead, are a little further on. The horizon is bounded by the distant blue summits of the Liverpool Range. For miles to front and rear of the house stretches the run, divided by post and rail or barbed wire fences into vast paddocks, each a fair sized English farm in itself; and here the sheep wander at will, unnumbered save at the yearly shearing—even the owner can scarcely tell to within a few hundreds how many he possesses.

The interior of the house is delightful—large rooms furnished with every possible device for comfort, walls lined with books, pictures by well-known artists, grand piano, and racing cups, do not seem to tally with the ideas usually entertained as to "sheep ranching in the Colonies"—and your astonishment deepens when you remember that the greater part of the furniture was brought up there before the railway existed at all, and had to be dragged 150 miles from Sydney by bullock teams, and that even all the pretty modern luxuries and knick-knacks have been brought over bush roads, sixty miles from rail-head, in the same cumbrous manner. Certainly, all stations are not equal to Swinton in their

interior appointments, but there are very many places even in the back-blocks just as comfortably, not to say luxuriously, furnished as an English country house.

As for the actual life on a station, it does not very materially differ, *mutatis mutandis*, from life in a quiet county at home. There is less society, less sport, less parish and visiting work, perhaps less leisure, and certainly less gossip; but there is just as much comfort, just as much refinement, and usually a far keener and wider interest in what is going on in the world outside—the bush is certainly less provincial than the county. It may be taken for granted (though the readers of sundry so-called Australian novels will scarcely believe it) that the Australian squatter does not get himself up in a red shirt and a Buffalo Bill hat to ride over to his nearest neighbour and there sit with his feet on the piano, drinking whisky and alternating bush choruses with sentimental songs about the Dear Old Motherland—neither do his women folk mount barebacked horses and gallop about cracking stockwhips. Incredible as it may sound, they have no taste for such amusements, even had they the time. As a matter of fact, a squatter's life is a very busy one. He is almost certainly a Justice of the Peace, a member of the Land Board, and of half-a-dozen local committees, and in the intervals of attending to his own estate has to adjudicate at Petty Sessions, help to determine boundaries, fix and pay the bonuses for the destruction of dingoes, kangeroos, wallabies and other vermin; and so on, and so on. The busy times on a station are when the young lambs are brought in for ear-marking and tail-cropping, and especially and above all the shearing season.

Shearing is the important business of the year, the point round which the whole station life revolves. Every sheep on the run is mustered up to the shearing

shed, which usually stands as near the centre of the run as may be, to avoid having to drive any of the animals too far; the shearer's hut is thrown open to receive its motley crowd of occupants, and till the great event is over the squatter's life is one of hurry and worry. A "shearing board," as the gang of shearers is called, is about as mixed a crew as you could find anywhere—and as independent. Strong in the consciousness of the Shearers' Union at their back, they fear not "boss" neither regard "superintendent": they know that for the time being they are indispensable and often act accordingly, going on strike at the slightest provocation or none at all. A certain number of them, and by far the best workmen, are decent steady fellows, sons of "boss-cookies" who are "making a bit" before taking up land for themselves, but the greater number are a queer lot—station hands whose drunken habits prevent their getting regular employment, runaway farmers' boys, broken-down grooms, riff-raff of all sorts—anything and everything—no questions are asked in the shearers' hut provided a man can shear; if he cannot he becomes a "roustabout" or general slave of the shearers, and a sweet berth he has of it!

Eight hours is the day's work, from eighteen shillings to a pound per hundred shorn is the wage, all start fair at eight o'clock, and the devil take the hindmost! An hour's "smoke-oh" at midday, dinner (chops and tea) furious work again till five, knock off, wash, tea (more chops and tea) cards and bed, such is about the programme. In the old days of hand shears a hundred sheep per day was a very good score, but with the Wolseley machines (invented by a brother of Lord Wolseley) a hundred and fifty is not uncommon, and a first-class shearer has been known to do his two hundred. The fastest shearer in the shed earns the proud

title of "the ringer," presumably because he can "run rings round" the others. Nothing is expected of the shearers but to shear; everything else is done for them. The regular station hands muster the sheep up to the shed, the roustabouts drag them one by one, protesting strongly, to each shearer's pen, they also carry away the shorn fleece to the sorter and the hydraulic press, and dash forward to apply tar to any chance shick in the skin. They are at everybody's beck and call, and are cursed and kicked from pillar to post from morning till night.

A shearing shed in full blast is a sight to see—once. The long, dim, roughly-floored shed with its high-pitched galvanized iron roof is a veritable pandemonium. The engine clanks noisily at one end, turning fifty shearing machines at once. The double row of pens, each facing outwards to a central gangway, is vocal with the complaints of the victims and the objurgations of the workers. Roustabouts charge up and down, yelling in sheer lightness of heart; the chaff, the cries, the oaths, the shouts, "Tar here, quick" as a too hasty hand clips the skin and the blood spurts out; "Wool away, wool away!" as a perfectly shorn fleece drops to the ground; "Sheep ho!" to hurry on the roustabout who is dragging up the next one, all combine with the bleating of the frightened animals to form a perfect babel. Outside, the sun glares down on the yards whence every vestige of grass has long since been trampled; the terrified sheep rush every way at once, driven back and forth by shouting men and barking dogs; a thick foul dust rises in clouds from the sun-baked ground and settles in unclean layers on your hair and face; and through it all, clogging your nostrils, gripping you by the throat, and sickening your inmost soul, is the stench, the disgusting stink, of sheep in bulk.

Ugh! Up and down the rows of pens walks the superintendent, notebook in hand, checking each man's score and refusing to pass, i.e. pay for, carelessly clipped sheep—a frequent source of dispute. The "sorter" classifies the fleeces as they are flung down before him and enters the result in another book. They are then passed on to the hydraulic press which squeezes them to their smallest compass and packs them into huge canvas-covered bales marked with the station brand and ready for export. The squatter himself takes no very direct part in this scene of activity; he keeps his weather eye unobtrusively on everything and prays for a peaceful shearing.

As soon as the station "cuts out," the men scatter to the four winds. The steady hands load their pack horses, saddle up, and start for the next station on their list; a really good man will be engaged for months beforehand and will travel the country from run to run, following the season till he has a very respectable sum to his credit: the hand-to-mouth man makes his way to the nearest hotel—every grog shanty is a "hotel" in the bush—and "knocks down his cheque" in the old orthodox fashion. The station is left to comparative quiet for another year. But there is always plenty to be done on a large estate, and the master's eye is as necessary in Australia as elsewhere. He may occasionally take a half holiday after wild duck or snipe up the creek, but sport for sport's sake is not much indulged in, and you are more likely to find him spending an off-afternoon in a hammock with the latest review, or in his office posting up books and checking his rations account. On big stations a book-and-store-keeper is usually kept, who is also often tutor to the boys of the house. That most varied accomplishments may sometimes be expected from this gentleman the following

advertisement, culled some years back from a Sydney paper, will sufficiently show: "Wanted, Tutor and Book-keeper for station on Western Line. Must be able to teach English, French, piano, violin and dancing, and to take charge of Stud Bull." Whether this Crichton was obtained I know not.

The ladies of a station have no more idle a time of it than the master. Servants are no easier to obtain in the bush than elsewhere. If the mistress of the house is lucky, she may get the wife of a station hand to bake, wash and scrub, and a daughter or two as cook and housemaid. But girls up-country usually marry young, and the womenkind of even the humblest selector are too proud to go out to service. Remains only Hobson's choice in the shape of a Sydney registry office, and quaint tales are told of the vagaries of overpaid and self-assertive damsels imported at vast expense from that city. The natural consequence is that the mistress of a station can, and will if necessary, turn her hand to most things. With her daughters' help she will cook, sweep, wash, iron, sew, and keep the whole house running on greased wheels. They all probably know more than a little about doctoring, and can treat a snake bite, a wound, or a minor malady with the utmost success; no mean accomplishment when the nearest doctor is thirty miles away. But you would never guess it to look at them. In manner, appearance and conversation they might have stepped straight out of a London drawing-room, save that their talk is fresh, and their interest in the topics of the day genuine and deep.

And the kindness of them! Australian hospitality is proverbial, and nowhere are its traditions more heartily kept up than on the stations. Even the sundowner, the tramp who invariably turns up at sundown when the

day's work is over, and invariably leaves again next morning before it begins, is always sure of his bunk in the "strangers' hut" and his ration of tea, flour and meat, supplemented, perhaps, by a plug of tobacco if he chances to catch the boss at a soft moment—what then is their hospitality to the stranger with introduction? They will board you and lodge you for an indefinite time, they will mount you and supply you with guns and ammunition, they will lay aside pressing work to take you picnicking or kangaroo hunting, they will tramp the paddocks with you half the night if you want to shoot possums and native bears, though it bores them to extinction; they will furbish up the neglected tennis court for you, and are capable of laying out a nine-hole golf links in the home paddocks if they think you would like it; they will order up your favourite periodical from Sydney, drive you ten miles to visit their next-door neighbour and twenty to a chance dance, and the whole time they will delicately give you to understand (and almost succeed in convincing you) that it is you who are conferring the favour in staying. The next-door neighbour will assuredly invite you cordially to come on to him "for as long as you can possibly manage": and the process might be repeated indefinitely. I verily believe that, given one good introduction, pleasant manners, and no "side," you could travel from end to end of New South Wales, from country house to charming country house, with no need to take thought for anything save your coaching and railway connections; and even these need not trouble you much, since your host, if your next stopping place is within reasonable distance, will order out his buggy and drive you over himself. It is superb, colossal.

Even so superficial a sketch as this would be incom-

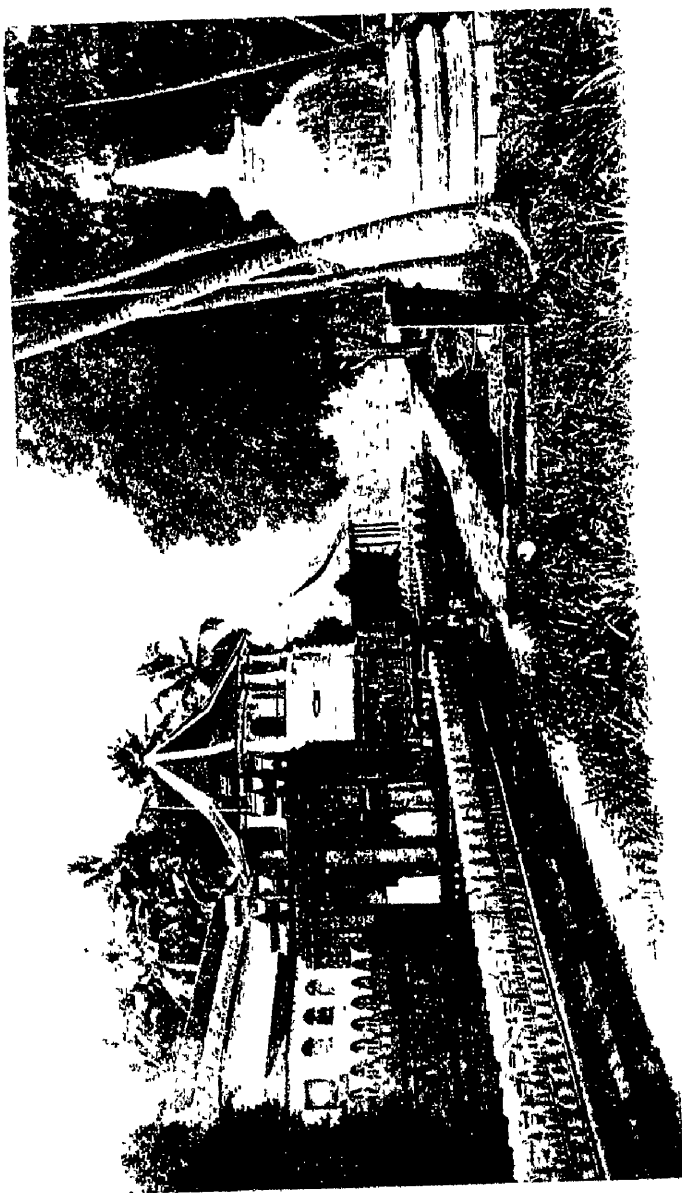
plete without some reference to the drought from which a great part of the State sometimes suffers. Perhaps a short extract from a private letter once received may be allowed. "The drought has not yet broken up in N.S.W. at all. We are hoping for the monsoonal rains. This is the eighth year of the drought, and the worst year ever experienced in this country. What will happen if we don't get the monsoons, I don't know." That is all, and it is difficult to explain half what it means. It means, in the first place, a direct loss of millions of pounds, without counting depression in industries and other side issues. It means untold misery to millions of dumb animals. It means, among other things, paddocks, rented in the good country at twenty pounds a week and more for months together, to save the remnant of the beasts alive; the starving animals driven and trucked for hundreds of miles, and the owner thinking himself fortunate if a bare third reach their destination. It means the great stock routes dotted by mobs of living skeletons scarcely able to crawl their daily six mile stage towards the railway, dying by the roadside by ones and fives and tens. It means, practically, no lambs this year. It means waterholes and dams drying up under the fierce evaporation, leaving a foul thick mud wherein the thirst-maddened sheep flounder and fall never to rise again; they lie helpless, and feel, whilst still living, their eyes picked out by the crows. Out in the far West it means mail coaches dragged painfully across sandy deserts by horses which it is cheaper to drive till they fall dead in the traces than to feed on chaff at twelve pounds and more a ton. It means, again out West, the very face of the country altered by the furious dust storms which sweep across it; dams and tanks filled up, gates, fences and roads buried in sand, and the labour of thirty strenuous years

made as though it had never been. It means stations of a hundred thousand sheep reduced to twenty thousand; those of twenty thousand to a poor four or five thousand. It means miles of country stripped as bare of all green life as is the palm of your hand; the very roots of the grass laid bare by the scorching winds and devoured by the starving sheep. How the survivors live is a mystery. So much for the animals; how about the men?

For the big owners, the "men of a million acres," it is not so utterly overwhelming: their expenditure can be curtailed, their credit is good, the big banks are behind them, and they can pull through till better times; at a heavy loss, certainly, but rarely at the cost of absolute ruin. It is on the little men, the selectors who live from year to year, whose "life is a long-drawn question between a crop and a crop," and who have little capital to fall back on, that the drought falls hardest. For them it means eight years of heart-breaking struggle against implacable Nature, and the bitterness of hope deferred. It means heat and thirst and sweat and toil unending. Bugged sheep to be dragged one by one from the foul-smelling mudholes, scrub to be painfully cut when all the grass is gone, the little patch of cultivation slowly but surely withering to ruin, water—and such water—to be carted perhaps for miles for household use, and nothing to be done at last but to sit down and watch the stock die one by one around you, while the storekeeper's bill climbs steadily up and the unpaid interest on the mortgage accumulates.

But there is also another side to the picture. The drought does not only mean torture for the beasts and despair for the men. It means also, faith unquenchable, hope unconquerable and a dogged courage which no hardships can overcome. The squatter conceals his

anxieties under a courteous smile and jest, his wife and daughter cheerfully give up the cold change to the mountains or the hoped-for run to Europe, and see it out at home. The selectors set their teeth and "bullock into it." Country storekeepers lengthen and lengthen credits to their utmost tether that the selectors may be able to hold on a few months longer; squatters pay for work they do not want and issue rations they can ill afford to avoid discharging their station hands; the banks forbear unduly to press shaky customers for their interest or to call up doubtful mortgages till the last possible moment; the Government remits overdue instalments on selections, lowers railway rates for travelling stock, and issues seed wheat free to needy farmers; the public in the inside country subscribes its pounds and its pence to relieve women and children who are often literally starving in their ruined homes out-back. The whole country pulls together as one man, asking for no outside help, with its back to the wall, "hoping for the monsoonal rains." Three inches general fall out West would mean six months respite, twelve inches would spell salvation, and two good seasons would set the country again on the flood tide of prosperity with the grass waist-high where now is nothing but profitless sand, with the sheep and cattle "rolling fat," and the stations stocking-up rapidly to their normal capacity. Meantime, they "bullock into it."



KANDY

The Temple of Buddha's Tooth

Facing page 47

THE FINEST RAILWAY JOURNEY IN THE WORLD

THE Predominant and the Subordinate Partner had done Colombo. They had given the Small Fry a whole long day ashore, had visited the Buddhist temples and the native quarter, the museum and the Cinnamon Gardens, had run out to beautiful Mount Lavinia, chaffered with the prisoners in the neighbouring camp of detention, and lunched luxuriously under the shade of the palms: and now, after a night made hideous by the noise of coaling and of the receipt of cargo, they were ready to start upon the finest railway journey in the world. Such, at least, was the description of it given by the chief steward, an urbane and widely travelled man. In plain words, they were meditating a trip to Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, lying up among the hills seventy miles or so away.

After a hasty cup of tea and the inevitable argument with the native boatmen, the Partners reached the landing stage, whence the nimble rickshaw whirled them up to the Terminus Station in plenty of time for the morning train. The day, though still fresh, already gave promise—a promise afterwards amply fulfilled—of being what their Eldest Hope called in her artless way “a squorcher.” On the platform they fell in with a number of fellow-passengers, most of whom had slept ashore, obviously bound on the same journey as themselves. This very natural meeting seemed to awaken all the gloomier side of the Subordinate Partner’s character. Sitting mournfully upon a convenient luggage barrow, this most unreasonable person com-

mented loudly and at length upon the inconsiderate behaviour of this "same old gang," who were collectively condemned as "making me tired," in that they also were going to Kandy, and free vent was given to the darkest prognostications concerning the chances of an enjoyable day being spent. It was a painful scene, and all the tact of the Predominant Partner had to be called into full play before it could be brought to a seemly termination. Luckily an empty compartment was found wherein the Subordinate's woeful moans died gradually away.

The first twenty miles or so out of Colombo are through a level plain of rich agricultural country, paddy-fields, banana trees and coconut palms being the chief features of interest. Vegetation is luxuriant, unknown creepers, brilliant flowers and dense undergrowth running riot in wasteful profusion, while every now and again a clearing shows the paddy-fields stretching away like a green and brown chess-board as far as the eye can reach. The cultivation of paddy seems to be the staple industry of this low-lying belt. The fields, varying in size from an acre or more to little larger than a fair-sized dining table, are separated from each other by banks of mud only a few inches in height. After a very primitive ploughing has been indulged in, some convenient brook is turned into the nearest little field till it is full, a spade-cut is then made in the mudbank and the water is passed on into the next enclosure, and the process is repeated until all have been filled. In the meanwhile, the earlier filled fields are being further prepared for the seed by the simple process of turning the village buffaloes and the village boys loose to wallow in them till the plough clods are broken up fine, and the whole field is a rich pea-soupy mud. Then the seed is thrown in and left to

germinate. Often, within the space of a single clearing, the Partners saw examples of every stage of the process—some of the little enclosures being ploughed, others with the water pouring in or out through the spade-cut in the bank; then a happy company of boys and buffaloes trampling about in full enjoyment of the warm mud; next a field covered with a thin green film—first sign of the coming crop, and lastly, the fresh, vivid green of the young shoots, some five or six inches high. In no case, however, did they see any rice at full maturity; probably the season was yet too young.

Every few hundred yards they passed by some native village, cluster of huts, or narrow by-road buried deep in shade, and once the train jolted slowly past a native school, just a high-pitched roof of bamboo thatch set upon wooden pillars standing in the shadow of a grove of coconut palms: no walls, no windows, open to every wind of heaven, and occupied by about fifty grinning urchins, from naked toddlers of three or four to boys and girls of twelve or thirteen dressed in colours which rose up and smote the eye—raw green, vivid magenta, flaming scarlet, orange, blue and yellow; all of the very crudest and staring, yet all absolutely harmonizing with, and thrown out to perfection by, the deep tropical foliage around them.

After a time the railway began to rise and was soon running between gently-swelling, round-topped hills thickly covered with trees and scrub. These presently gave way to steeper slopes artificially cleared and thickly planted with what, at first sight, looked like remarkably small orange trees. The Partners in their ignorance puzzled over these for some time: they were obviously too small for oranges, yet domesticated trees of some sort they undoubtedly were, and evidently the objects of very careful cultivation. At length an idea struck

them: these must be some of the far-famed tea plantations of Ceylon. A motion to this effect was hastily proposed, seconded and carried unanimously, ultimately proving to be quite correct.

They continued to ascent rapidly and soon found themselves travelling along a narrow ledge cut out of the side of a high and almost perpendicular mountain, looking out over what must surely be one of the most magnificent views on earth. On their left the mountain rose so close and sheer above them that, as the Subordinate Partner put it, "You must stand on your head on the footboard to see the top," while on the right they looked straight down on to the tree tops hundreds of feet below, and out and away over a vast valley, dappled and chequered with light and shade, diversified by forest and clearing, river and hill, the living green of the young crops contrasting with the sombre stretches of untouched forest and the raw red watercourses scarred down the hillsides. Further off, foothills of strange shapes crowned with bare rocks looking like ruined robber-holds led the eye up to range beyond range of glorious mountains with the crooked forefinger of Adam's Peak standing up, unmistakable, above the notched and distant line of the horizon. The whole landscape lay bathed in sun, shimmering and trembling in the heat; a tiny diamond flashing out from a dark patch on a hillside miles away was probably the tin roof of some tea planter's bungalow. For miles the train coasted and zig-zagged along the mountainside, every turn showing the marvellous view beneath from a new point, while the vast cloud shadows trailing quickly across the wide landscape changed the lights and shades from moment to moment. There were never more than two or three feet between the outer side of the railway carriage and the stupendous fall;

and at one spot—rightly named Sensation Point—the ledge is so narrow and the rails are laid so close to the unfenced edge that one can actually look through the narrow space between footboard and carriage on to the feathery carpet of tree-tops a thousand feet below. So far does one overhang! Instinctively one draws back from the window as though one's pigmy weight, leaning out, would overbalance the whole train, sending it with a crash into the depths beneath.

At some roadside station or other three Cingalese—father, mother and little boy—had entered the carriage. They were typical, the Partners thought, of the change which, one imagines, is gradually coming over the natives of Ceylon.

The lady was in full native costume, draped from head to foot in closely-fitting white garments, hair braided smoothly back and glossy with coconut oil; seven massive gold chains hanging round her neck to her waist, while large ear-rings, numerous bangles, and a tight-fitting necklace, all heavy with uncut jewels, completed her costume, and her fingers were almost hidden by sapphire and diamond rings. Apparently she spoke no English. Her husband was in the transition stage between native and European. All of fair white linen were his garments: coat and trousers, shirt and collar most irreproachable; but the general effect was spoilt by bare feet and a white linen cloth draped scantily round the legs; and his head, adorned with two tortoiseshell combs and long hair plaited like his wife's, was surmounted by an incongruous brown billycock hat. He was a weird spectacle! The little boy was the entire Englishman, in a shoddy knickerbocker suit of vast checks, with brown boots, Eton collar, and stockings a world too wide for *his* shrunk shanks. He chatted volubly to his father in very good English,

keeping the tail of his eye on the two strangers to see if they were properly impressed.

Further up the line two other natives entered who turned out to be a doctor and a police-officer, on their way to enquire into a supposed murder case up beyond Kandy: they were dressed in European costume and spoke English very fairly. The Subordinate Partner forgathered with the doctor, receiving thereby a picturesque assortment of miscellaneous information concerning Ceylon, her industries, resources, and prospects for the future: one of the doctor's remarks—"I go soon take my son see London, most important locality, that!"—was almost too much for the Pre-dominant one's politeness.

Arrived at Kandy, the Partners fell straightway into the arms of the "same old gang," among whom they found the Knight's niece and the Lady Who Had Never Left Australia, in a state of demure but irrepressible exultation. It appeared that they had travelled up with an English-speaking Cingalese lady, and that this lady had offered in friendly mood to have her private elephant waiting at the Colombo station to meet the night train from Kandy and carry the two travellers down to the harbour. The Partners and the rest of the party volunteered with enthusiasm to attend the performance provided each was allowed to bestride Behemoth in turn, but this gladsome scheme unfortunately came to nought. It was found necessary to return by the afternoon instead of by the evening train, in order to be sure of catching the steamer; the elephant consequently could not be ordered in time, and one more of Life's Golden Opportunities was for ever lost.

The same old gang made the same old rush for rickshaws to carry them a bare half-mile up to the hotel, but the Partners wisely elected to walk, despite the

sweltering heat, and were rewarded for their virtue by stumbling on a deliciously cool stone-paved fruit market, where they spent a satisfying half-hour sampling strange fruits and bargaining in an unholy mixture of tongues with the grinning vendors.

Kandy is a charming little town, nestling among densely wooded hills some fifteen hundred feet above sea-level. It was formerly the capital of Ceylon, is now the summer residence of the Governor and of many of the higher officials, and is one of the most sacred spots of Buddhism, containing as it does the Temple of the Holy Tooth—Buddha's Tooth—the most venerated relic in the Buddhist religion.

To the tourist, the chief attraction of Kandy, apart from its mountain breezes, so refreshing after the hot-house atmosphere of Colombo, lies in its exquisite little lake about two miles in circumference. Round this the Partners drove, under strange and beautiful trees, and over gravelled roads of billiard-table smoothness. A hasty run round the native quarter and a somewhat more leisurely inspection of the Temple of the Tooth completely filled in the brief time at their disposal.

The Temple is a remarkably fine building, with beautifully carved stone arches and stairways, obviously very ancient: a wide water-filled moat in front dominated by a wall of pierced marble contained scores of sacred tortoises which may be seen moving lazily along the surface of the water, or resting motionless with heads upraised and jaws open in anticipation of the food-offerings of the faithful.

Within the building are numerous altars to, and images of, the god; and along one dark, stone-vaulted passage runs a series of frescoes depicting the Buddhist Hades with a quaint realism which recalled the Campo

Santo at Pisa. The Subordinate Partner sniffed sarcastically and enquired what crime had been committed by one poor wretch who was standing on his head in the midst of very red and yellow flames while ferocious-looking demons prodded him with pitchforks. But the sleek young Buddhist priest in charge was equal to the occasion. "Him mock at priest!" was the instant retort. "Serve you right," whispered the Predominant Partner, and the Subordinate fell, discomfited, to the rear.

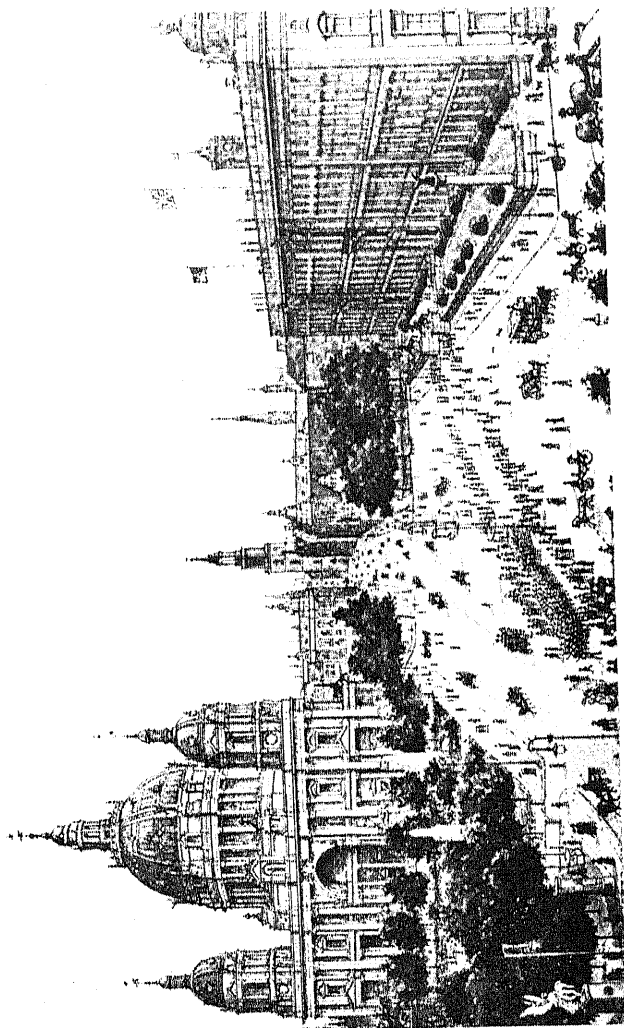
There was just time to scramble through lunch before catching the return train to Colombo. The heat had been steadily increasing all day and was now intense: that four-hours' run down through the blinding afternoon was an experience to be remembered. The Partners had joined the "gang" for the return journey and the whole party sprawled about the saloon carriage limp and helpless. Even the Girl from Queensland ceased to talk! The sunbaked rocks of that barren mountain-side poured an increasing radiation of heat into the train, while the far-stretching, magnificent landscape of the morning lay blurred and dim, half-hidden by the quivering heat-haze. At last the Predominant Partner, roused by the imminent terrors of a death by drought, mustered up enough energy to attack a fruit-hawker at a roadside station, and by dint of much gesticulation made the "poor benighted heathen" understand that a party of white strangers were perishing of thirst. He was one of nature's noblemen, was the poor benighted. He gave one all-comprehending grin and proceeded to action. In a moment he had selected three huge coconuts from his basket, sliced off their heads, and passed them in brimming over with delicious juice.

For the rest of that journey the Partners and the gang

lay "like gods together, careless of mankind," careless of scenery, careless of everything save their coconut nectar and their palm-leaf fans. They fanned and they sipped, and they sipped and they fanned, till the sun set just as the train was running into Colombo, and the sudden blessed darkness brought relief to eyes and heads aching from a surfeit of sun and colour. An hour in the verandah chairs at the Grand Oriental revived them, and they were rowed back to their steamer, dog-tired, languid, but at peace with all the world.

"Was it worth while?" chorused the stay-on-boards. "Four hours sweltering train up, four hours sweltering train down, and only three hours at Kandy: was it worth it?"

It was, it most emphatically was! Had the Partners never even quitted their train at Kandy, had they turned straight round and returned to Colombo, it would still have been well worth while. Every yard of that railway journey was a keen delight. It may, or may not, be the finest in the world. The Chief Steward may, or he may not, have been a trifle hyperbolical in his language. But to two, at all events, of the merry party who made the trip, the run from Colombo to Kandy will always be a thing apart, a standard whereby to measure other beautiful journeys. To them, at least, it will always be "the finest railway journey in the world." For they can imagine none finer.



BERLIN

The Cathedral (left) and the Palace (right)

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BERLIN AS WE FOUND IT

A STRANGER visiting Berlin for the first time cannot fail to be struck by its entirely modern aspect. Most capitals have some remnants, however scattered, of the antique to reward the diligent searcher, but the last vestiges of Old Berlin have long been swept away. There is not a building, public or private, which dates back more than two hundred and twenty years. And even the oldest have an air of proud self-sufficiency which is essentially modern. They give the impression of having been built—as indeed most of them were—for the glorification of a ruler, each of them whole and entire, in one piece, from one clearly conceived and regularly executed design. It is obvious that there has been no gradual growth through long ago; no halo of association or romance cling to the public edifices of this city, they seem to feel no interdependence one on another, as do, for instance, our Abbey, Hall, and Parliament House: here each one stands complete in itself, independent, self-contained and self complacent. The result is that while Berlin is one of the handsomest, it is at the same time one of the least beautiful of the great cities of the world.

As capital of a kingdom Berlin is scarcely more than two hundred years old, as capital of an empire it is still well under forty, but as a town, or at all events as a fishing village, the pedigree of the place may be traced back some seven hundred years. Not a very great age as European cities go, but not altogether to be despised. Two little settlements of fisherman, Berlin and Kollin by name, are known to have existed on the

banks of the Spree somewhere near the place where the Schlossbrücke now stands, as long ago as the earlier half of the thirteenth century. In 1307 the two villages united under the name and leadership of the former; and the little town, which seems to have given some loose kind of allegiance to various Bavarians and Luxemburg princelings, rose to a certain degree of importance. When in 1415 the Hohenzollerns attained the positions of Markgraves of Brandenburg, the semi-independence of Berlin was quickly curtailed, the last vestiges disappeared in 1442 under Kurfürst Friedrich II (Iron Tooth) and in 1500 Kurfürst Johann Cicero made it his place of residence. During the Thirty Years War Berlin increased considerably in size and importance, and when the Kurfürst Friedrich III assumed in 1701 the title of Friedrich I King of Prussia, his capital numbered some sixty-five thousand inhabitants. Within the two following reigns it increased to one hundred and forty-five thousand; and since then the growth of Berlin reads more like that of a "boom" town in the Far West than of a sober capital in "effete" Europe. At present she contains well over four millions of inhabitants, is about the best governed and best appointed town in the world, and above all is a standing monument to the particular qualities and genius of the House which has ruled her for so long.

"Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice." The epitaph applies equally as well to the Hohenzollerns as to Wren, to Berlin as to St. Paul's. One after the other, from Friedrich I to the present ruler, they have left their mark on her; they have done more, they have substantially made her. Scarcely a building of any importance, save perhaps the Town Hall, but was designed, founded or erected by one or another of them. They were almost as great at building as at fighting, and did

both with all their hearts. Like the Jews rebuilding their walls after the Captivity, they seem to have lived with the sword in one hand, and the trowel, metaphorically speaking, in the other. City and ruling family advanced together to power and dignity; you read the history of the one in strolling through the streets of the other. And so, let us find our way to the Lustgarten at the top of Unter den Linden; and, circumspectus.

The Lustgarten is the centre, architecturally speaking, of Berlin. Few public squares anywhere are surrounded by huger buildings; or, it may be added, by buildings whose styles are more utterly incongruous the one with the other. The Imperial Palace, a vast rectangular mass of masonry, completely fills one side with its five hundred feet of unadorned frontage, the only relief to the long blank parapet above the fourth storey being the squat dome of the chapel, covered with green copper, which peers up from one of the further corners. To your left the lately finished Cathedral—Italian Renaissance run wild—is a startlingly white contrast to the grey Grecian colonnades of the Museum and the National Gallery behind you; and the fourth side is occupied by the Zeughaus, most characteristic of all Berlin's buildings, erected at much the same date as the Palace, and, like it, ponderously huge. Three contrasting styles in one square, and two of them unsuited alike to the climatic conditions and the spirit of the town. Yet the result is not ineffective, the heavy piles of architecture compel your respect though not your admiration; massive solidity such as theirs cannot fail to be imposing. Assuredly the Lustgarten is not a Place de la Concorde, but still less is it a fine site wasted, like Trafalgar Square.

Mention of the new Cathedral brings one to another strong impression made by Berlin; the essentially

secular character of its public monuments. In Italy, the Duomo is the central point of well-nigh every town; our two great London churches are inextricably bound up with both the historical and the daily life of our people, are in fact looked on as one of the most precious of the joint possessions of the whole British race, "the Abbey make us We"; Notre-Dame is still the pride and glory even of anti-clerical Paris. And so it is in practically every other European capital, everywhere there is some great religious building which is the focus and rallying-point of the national life. But there is absolutely nothing of the kind in Berlin. The brand new Cathedral which the Berlin papers at the opening ceremony, declared would "be regarded as the mother-church of the Protestant religions all over the world" will have to wait many and many a year before winning the affection of even her own citizens. A colder, less inspired, and less inspiring mass of marble can scarcely be conceived. It is a national monument rather than a national church, and gives the impression of being built to the glory of Prussia rather than to the glory of God. As for the older churches of Berlin, they are mostly sought for in back streets and squares; nor, when discovered, do the majority of them differ much in external appearance from the museums and galleries, save that these latter are usually the finer. It is rather strange, as neither the people nor their ruling house has ever been essentially irreligious; but they do seem to have been too busy commemorating themselves, their achievements, and their ancestors, to think of much else.

To this desire for immortality must be attributed the enormous number of statues to be seen in Berlin; and in this connection a rather neat retort by the former Kaiserin to her august spouse is current. The

Emperor, so the story goes, was joking his wife about her strongly religious tendencies, and wound up by saying teasingly, "My dear, you will certainly go down to posterity as Augusta-Kirche." "Ach, so?—denk' mal Wilhelm!" was the quiet reply. And indeed Denkmal (Monument) would be a fitting nickname for most of the later Hohenzollerns. Statues erected by or to them meet you at every turn, they come not only "single spies" but "in battalions"; from the flamboyant National-Denkmal to Kaiser Wilhelm I facing the Imperial Palace, to the pathetically mean little presentment of his consort, Kaiserin Augusta, huddled away in an unfrequented garden a few yards off, upon which the gigantic figure of her husband turns a glorified and victorious back. This too, is rather characteristic. The queens of the Prussian royal family have never played a conspicuous part during their lives, and assuredly they do not so after death. Even the noble and much loved Königin Luise is scarcely commemorated, save on her tomb at Charlottenburg, and, in the hearts of her peoples. But to her, if to anyone in the world, the line of Horace applies. Her monument is, indeed, *aere perennius*.

Statues and Prussian history are, in fact, the one abiding memory which is carried away from Berlin. The city is a gigantic object lesson, an open-air historical museum. From the artistic point of view most of the sculpture is but mediocre; it is grandiose rather than grand, and the more modern sculptors seem to have been suffering badly from megalomania. Ranch's magnificent Frederick the Great and his generals, at the top of Unter den Linden, is, of course, on a different plane altogether; no city can boast of a finer group of statuary than this. The history is confusing. Three names stand out prominently from the unending

succession of Friedrichs, Wilhelms, and Friedrich-Wilhelms, and to these one clings as the drowning man to the proverbial straw. Firstly, the Grosser Kurfurst, who practically turned the Mark of Brandenburg into the Kingdom of Prussia, though it was his son who formally assumed the title; secondly, Frederick the Great; thirdly, Kaiser Wilhelm I. The rest of them one places according to one's own individual taste and ignorance, and it really does not very much matter. They all have statues.

But at all events the Hohenzollerns had the qualities of their defects: they did not, while glorifying themselves forget those who had aided them in their century-long labours. Soldiers, statesmen, scientists, philosophers, musicians, all who have taken a share in the work of raising Prussia to her present pitch of glory or have in any way contributed to her fame are to be seen in marble in the streets and parks of her capital. Winterfeld and Gneisenau, Humboldt and Helmholtz, Lessing, Goethe, and Beethoven, to name only a few amongst many. But even in this recognition of their good work accomplished, the great and impassable gulf which is fixed between a subject, however distinguished, and a sovereign is never for a moment forgotten; nay more, it is emphasized. With unconsciously humorous results occasionally; as in the Sieges-Allee, an avenue lined by thirty-two heroic sized statues of Hohenzollern rulers from Albrecht the Bear (1140) to Wilhelm I, placed at regular intervals, and each flanked by busts of two of the great men of the reign. To see dwarfed effigies of a Bismarck and a Moltke placed on either side of a colossal Wilhelm I is calculated to raise a smile; and the juxtaposition of a truncated (if the word be permissible) Immanuel Kant and a more than life-size Friedrich Wilhelm II

betrays not only a lack of humour but a faulty sense of proportion. Popular wit has re-christened the Sieger Allee with the name of B. Gasse (B. Alley) in punning allusion to Herr Begas, the sculptor responsible for most of the statues. Jestng apart, however, there can be no doubt—despite the fact that the figures are placed rather too close together, making the whole effect somewhat huddled and overcrowded—that this half mile of sculpture was a truly royal gift from the ruler to his people, and that it forms an object lesson in history, loyalty, and patriotism such as is possessed by no other capital.

Young Berlin gets these lessons most thoroughly and methodically inculcated. At all hours of the day squads of thirty or forty boys or girls from what would correspond to our Board Schools may be met marching in procession, with a teacher in charge, to gallery, exhibition, or group of statues. They form up in orderly hollow square round the object to be explained, listening with obviously keen attention while their preceptor descants on the heroes of the past and draws the moral for the citizens of the future. We, in England, smile at this kind of thing; we imagine, apparently, that the knowledge of the duties of a good citizen and a determination to try to perform them worthily come by nature alone, and that the seed of patriotism, latent in us all, will attain its full growth without cultivation or direct encouragement. We seem to forget very often, in our educational system that sentiment, as well as book-knowledge, plays an important part in the building up of character, and that feelings, as well as brains, may become atrophied from lack of due attention. These peripatetic patriotism classes of Berlin make one ponder.

The Zeughaus, more especially, is the scene of this

unorthodox instruction. The Zeughaus, or Arsenal, is a collection which can best be described as the United Service Institute raised to the *n*th power, magnificently housed, perfectly arranged, and open free at all times. It is more than a museum; it is an institution. Captured cannon by the score, captured flags by the hundred, large relief-plans to scale of famous battles and sieges, walls frescoed with Prussia's successes in war and diplomacy, one of the most perfect collections in existence of national arms and uniforms, personal mementoes and belongings of great men, Frederick, Blücher, Bulow, Wilhelm, Moltke, von Roon—all these combine to form a national Valhalla which cannot fail to stimulate the imagination of even the most unimpressible youth. A morning spent here enables one to realize Prussia, her history, qualities and achievements better than would a wilderness of books. And the personal-ruler note runs through it all. The entire collection is so arranged as to lead the visitor gradually downward through the centuries, till it brings him in front of Werner's magnificent fresco of the Proclamation in Versailles of the King of Prussia as first German Emperor—the culminating point, up to now, both of the Prussian kingdom and of the House of Hohenzollern. Berlin has a good reason to be proud of the Zeughaus; it is unique.

When all is said and done, however, its absolute modernity remains the dominant note of Berlin. It is as a modern capital that it invites criticism from visitors; and, judged by any of our modern standards, it emerges triumphantly from the test. Its paving, cleaning, lighting, means of transit and the rest are beyond reproach; in all matters of municipal government it is an example to Europe.

During the last twenty years it has developed from

an overgrown provincial town to a metropolis. It has the atmosphere, the feel of a metropolis, and of an Imperial metropolis to boot. "Weltstadt" its inhabitants call it, and a "Weltstadt" it undoubtedly is. At the same time it is the least cosmopolitan of great capitals. Berlin is thoroughly and entirely Prussian, the spirit of even South Germany has not found a resting-place there, and the international traffic which sweeps through the crowded streets leaves the genius of the city untouched. Berlin is Northern to the core; no faintest touch of Southern brilliance or beauty is there to soften its granite harshness or lighten its crushing weight. Cold, formal and hard; strong and self-reliant; law-abiding and in all things most thorough—the town is an architectural embodiment alike of the virtues and the faults of the thrifty, hard-fighting nation and family who have made it.

One cannot imagine a foreigner ever growing to love Berlin as one loves London, Paris or Rome. But one leaves it with a very sincere feeling of respect.



Part of Dr. Lahman's Sanatorium

SPRING CLEANING

Just outside Dresden, easily reached by a tram in half an hour, is a wonderful pinewood of many miles in circumference, with streams trickling through it, with deer so tame that some of them will eat out of your hand; with squirrels and birds, with delicious berries, and many flowers and ferns—a place to roam and picnic in in the summer, to take long brisk walks in when the winter snow has covered the ground, and the trees are frosted with ice, which glitters like glass in the sunshine; while in autumn artists flock to it, to try to transfer to paper and canvas the brilliant gold, orange and crimson of the foliage.

In the midst of this wood is a renowned sanatorium, one of those well known centres for spring cleaning which keeps open all year round. We were privileged to go over this building, knowing many of the patients who come and go.

One thing struck us greatly: the variety of the nationalities of the patients; they spoke all languages. It was awe-inspiring. We were also astonished at the cheerful appearance of most of those we saw.

"Where do they all come from?" we enquired of an acquaintance, who was herself a patient.

"From all parts of the world. There are eight hundred of them here now, and in another six weeks' time there will be another eight hundred."

"But they all look so contented and bright: they can't really be ill."

"Not *all*, some few are really ill: but I grant you that they are quite the small minority."

"What on earth do the majority come for, then?"

She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Some to show off their new clothes, some to get rid of their superfluous fat: but most of them to save themselves from getting ill."

"From getting ill? But how can a short time in a bath establishment prevent them from getting ill?"

Again she laughed. She evidently found us amusing, did that cosmopolitan lady. "Well, you know, you consider that a thorough house cleaning once a year keeps out dust, germs and microbes and many other things of the larger insect order, not to mention the beautifying and pleasing appearance of the house after the cleansing process is over."

"Of course."

"Well, *we* consider that the body requires much the same treatment, and in April, May and June all those who can give up the time, and afford the course, contrive to spend from a fortnight to six weeks at one of these cure places."

"What is the process?"

"Regular hours, baths, simple food well cooked, especially green vegetables and fruits, no wine or beer, exercise for every muscle in the body, and above all, plenty of fresh air and sun. But do come with me over the whole building; you will understand the system much better if you see it in full working order."

We began the round by going to the doctor's house.

"Here the patients are examined and ordered treatment," said our guide, as we walked through the rooms, comfortably carpeted and warmed. The evenness of the temperature in every part of the building was due to well managed hot air pipes; there seemed to be no draughts anywhere.

From the doctor's house we went on to the ladies'

and gentlemen's bathrooms. In the gentlemen's bathroom hung photos of such stupendously fat men that we thought they must be likenesses of the famous fat men who are exhibited in travelling shows, and that their portraits were placed here to beguile the hours of ennui necessarily passed in the baths; but our guide, when questioned, indignantly scouted the idea.

"They are all portraits of patients," she said. "They came here to have their size reduced."

"And were they reduced?"

"Oh, yes. Hot baths, massage, strict diet and a daily three mile walk up and down the very steep hill before their eight o'clock breakfast did wonders for them. They went away thinner men, but they fatten up during the year, and return in the spring."

In the ladies' massage room were several of the bath attendants, and masseuses, all dressed alike as if for bathing, in knickerbockers and blouses of striped blue and white drill, with bare arms, bare throats, and bare legs; the strength and muscles of the arms was most noticeable.

We next visited the Gymnasium rooms, where we were told that "every muscle in the body was exercised," and from thence we mounted up a narrow flight of stairs to the roof, where the ladies took their sun bath. Here mattresses were stretched in a row, and here we were told that in sunny weather forty ladies lay exposed to the sun's rays, with faces and head protected by a towel, and with an attendant in waiting to tell them to turn over at intervals, so that every portion of the body might gain the full advantage of the heat.

"How do you manage when it is continually cloudy and wet?" we asked.

"Oh, then many of us have electric light baths instead, taken in the same way lying on mattresses,

and the heat carefully regulated, so that it is not more intense than the sun's rays."

We made our way downstairs and out into the grounds. Our guide pointed out two large closely-fenced enclosures.

"Those are the core of the place," said she. "Inside one of those big enclosures the ladies take their air baths, once, twice or even three times daily; inside the other the gentlemen disport themselves in bathing drawers, play skittles, swing in hammocks, read, talk, walk, or—wheel each other about in wheel-barrows."

We peeped into the ladies' "Air Bath," and saw one or two charming beings in straight muslin garments, stockingless, with dainty sandals and picture hats, strolling about. Two were in hammocks, and two were using dumb-bells.

"They look fairly happy."

"They are, too. It's wonderful how everyone gets to like the air bath, in spite of the inconvenience of undressing for it two or three times a day. But now come and see the dining room and the various sitting rooms."

The billiard, reading and writing rooms looked thoroughly comfortable. Smoking room there was none, for smoking, though not forbidden, is discountenanced. In the immense dining room the tables were already laid for supper, and in each place we observed a plate containing an orange, two figs, and a handful of nuts.

"Is that all you are allowed?"

"Oh, dear no, that is just our dessert. We have fruit at every meal either cooked or raw."

"And what else?"

"Well, at breakfast, stewed fruit, bread and butter, with cocoa or milk; no tea or coffee ever allowed. Then at eleven we have raw fruit, whatever may happen to be in season, or else bread and milk, the latter may

be either sour or fresh—sour milk is much believed in here. We dine in the middle of the day, and are given all kinds of daintily cooked vegetables, meat, delicious puddings, and stewed fruit. It is the only meal at which we are allowed to eat meat.”

“Why?”

“Because the powers that be think that meat has too much albumen. It is the various forms of food that contain fruit salts and vitamins in the highest degree that they endeavour to provide us with.”

“Then you don’t have meat in the evening?”

“No. Vegetables, cereals, various salads, fruit, bread and biscuits, and, unless it is specially ordered, nothing to drink, not even water.”

“Not even water?”

“No. A cup of cocoa, milk or fruit juice in the afternoon, but nothing to drink at night; and oh! I quite forgot, no salt is allowed on the table, a little is cooked with the food, but we are told that much common salt is very deleterious, and helps to produce rheumatism, gout and various other evils.”

“Do they allow you any amusements at all?”

“Oh, yes. Tennis, billiards, a dance once a week—which comes to an end at eleven—and various concerts.”

“What is your own programme for to-day?”

“Oh, mine? It’s very simple. A warm water douche at seven. Breakfast at eight; then reading or writing for an hour. Gymnastic exercises and massage. Fruit at eleven, followed by an air bath; then a stroll in the woods, and dinner. After dinner I lie down for an hour, or if I feel very fresh, do some writing. Then another air bath and three times a week a sun or electric bath. Cocoa and chat at four, followed by either tennis or a walk. After supper we generally talk or listen to the music.”

"It doesn't sound very complicated; with the exception of the electric bath and the massage, one could do it all at home, and avoid the publicity and the expense."

"One *could*," she admitted, with an enigmatic smile, "but one *doesn't*, you know. Good-bye."

SOME GERMAN NOTICES

Most of us think scorn of notice-boards and advertisements. We pass them by with a careless glance, content to glean the bare facts which they set before us, and not even always receiving it in a duly thankful spirit, but utterly oblivious of the idiosyncracies and little character-traits both of advertiser and of advertised which are often betrayed in their wording. Now this is rather a mistake. Quite a number of little interesting side-lights on the character and temperament of a people may be picked up from a careful study of their public notice-boards, not to mention a very fair amount of amusement too, if you are blessed with a sense of humour.

For instance: In most of the Dresden trams we are told that "The on-and-off-jumping during the journey as also the out-leaning, is dangerous, therefore forbidden." Red letters for "dangerous" as a rule. How logical, how well-argued, how entirely reasonable! The premisses undeniable, the conclusion beyond cavil! Not quite so much personal freedom as in England; here you are forbidden, there you are merely warned, not to leave the tram while in motion. In England, if you choose to disregard the warning and to break your leg, no one will hinder you, our boasted liberty of the subject includes the liberty to break his own legs; but a good German citizen must not indirectly damage the Fatherland by directly damaging himself, therefore he is "forbidden." Admirable and most paternal rule! The Weisser Hirsch trams are even more logical; they become positively scientific in

their care for the travellers—"In order to increase the security of the journey, it is recommended that the forward part of the car when going up-hill, the hinder part when going down-hill be more closely occupied." Really, one wonders that each individual passenger is not weighed, measured and assigned his seat accordingly.

There must be a strain of wild recklessness somewhere in the German character which is not at first glance apparent to the casual stranger. I know a certain narrow footpath barely wide enough for two abreast, winding between high stone walls up a certain steep hill. It is a good deal like a corkscrew for curliness, and most of it is at an angle of something over sixty degrees. A board at the top solemnly forbids you to "ride bicycles or drive cattle down" it. One glance would daunt the ordinary looping-the-loop lunatic, and the wildest Australian stockrider would shudder at the idea of driving cattle down its tortuous steepness. Nevertheless, that notice-board must be necessary or it would not be there. They must be an untamed lot of youngsters in those parts!

The *Verboten* (forbidden) are rather perplexing at first. *Kinderwagen* (prams.) are forbidden by notice in one place, *Wagen* without *Kinder* in another. You may smoke your cigar in a crowded café, but it is forbidden in an eight-mile-by-six pine forest. There used to be a notice-board—probably it is there still—at the top of a sheer precipice in the Bavarian Tyrol, according to which the throwing of yourself over was "*bei Strafe verboten*" ("by punishment forbidden"). A superfluous precaution, one would think, but there is no knowing. One can quite imagine the frenzied Bavarian mountaineer, driven to desperation by drink, disease or debt, pausing at the very moment of committing

what the papers always call "the rash act," at the thought of a *Strafe* (punishment). They are a law-abiding people, are the Germans.

Some of our Dresden notices are exquisitely courteous. "The in-bringing of dogs is most politely forbidden," says one café; and another is even more Chesterfieldian, "In the general interest it is most respectfully begged of our honoured guests that they lead in their dogs with as short a leash as possible." *Vive la Politesse!* Contrast this with our crude English "No dogs admitted."

Crude, however, to the very last degree, is the *Heute Schlachtfest* (To-day, slaughter-feast) of the second-rate restaurant; especially when emphasized by a rude wood-cut of a weeping swine rampant argent nap-kined gules transfixéd proper, expectant of his doom at the hands of a butcher of the same. It leaves so much to the imagination and most of that much is so very nasty. Whether you regard it from the point of view of yesterday's *Schlacht* or of to-day's greasy *Fest* it is equally unpleasant. Really, *Heute Schlachtfest* ought to be *bei Strafe verboten*.

The cheap sales occasionally yield an amusing advertisement. At first blush *Spottbillig* (very cheap) looks like a wild attempt to translate the favourite Australian "spot-cash," and it is quite a disappointment to learn that *Spott* is a legitimate German word. But there is balm in Gilead in the shape of the ever-delightful *Enorm-billig* (enormously cheap), and *Hoch-aparte-neuheit* (highly outstanding new fashions) has elements of quaintness.

But my favourite notice of all is one which I happened to see on the garden gate of a suburban villa: *Hunde sind scharf und bissig* (Dogs are keen and bitey). That is perfectly delicious. You will notice that the owner

says nothing at all about his own dogs. In fact, he does not definitely admit that he keeps dogs at all; he merely remarks in a casual, impersonal sort of way, dogs, dogs in general, dogs in the abstract, are keen and bitey. It is so delicately worded, too. Such consideration for the feelings of nervous visitors. None of that terrifying "Beware of the dog" about it.

You do not walk hurriedly up the garden, apprehensively glancing over your shoulder lest the American comic-paper bulldog should come hurtling out of the American comic-paper barrel, and freeze on to your leg. Not a bit of it. You are simply reminded, as gently as may be, of one of Nature's fixed immutable laws, one of those elementary bedrock facts which we are so apt to forget in the stress and hurry of modern life—dogs are keen and bitey—and you stroll peacefully up to the front door recalling with wistful reminiscence the well-nigh forgotten natural history lesson of your innocent childhood, and, incidentally, keeping your weather-eye open against emergencies. The owner of that suburban villa was an artist in advertisements. "Dogs are keen and bitey"; it is an absolutely flawless gem.



Tyrolean Dancers

Facing page 77

IN THE TYROL

"WHERE shall we go for the summer holidays?" asked the children.

"We must think it over," answered the Partners.

After much thought, discussion, reading of books, and hunting up maps, the Tyrol was finally decided upon. At once the whole household became like a beehive; suit-cases were brought out, clothes were mended and bought. What to leave behind and what to take, led to heart-to-heart discussions. The children who had heard the most exciting stories about the Tyrol and the Tyroleans from their German nurse, danced about the house chanting:

Die Tiroler sind lustig,
Die Tiroler sind fröh,
Sie trinken ihre schnapps,
Und sie machen denn so.
Mit die füschen, tap, tap, tap,
Mit die händschen Klap, Klap, Klap;
Hier ein wink, und da ein wink,
Und Komm Mein Schatz, und tanzen.

Even the youngest child, aged three, hummed the tune and kept time with his little feet.

The journey was a keen delight to the whole party, and the children were good travellers, deriving unlimited interest and amusement out of everything, including even the advertisements which adorned the walls of the stations. Three pair of rather blunt scissors and a bundle of illustrated papers had been provided so that they could cut out pictures when tired of looking out of the window; these were a great standby. The journey was broken for a short time at Munich, a town well known and liked by both the Partners, but all

were keen to get on to the romantic Tyrol, and greet again the relations and friends who had arranged to meet them there. At last Innsbruck was reached, all tumbled out of the train, soon found a carriage, and drove through the town up to Mühlau, an enchanting little village on the mountain side, which was to be their headquarters for many happy weeks. The grandmother was already there, who gave a great welcome, also the grandfather, a devoted and charming aunt who always told the children wonderful tales of history and fantasy, which caused them to see visions and dream dreams, and several friends. How much talking was done, how many plans for sightseeing made, as they all sat having tea on the high plateau in front of the little hotel, with range after range of beautiful great mountains standing up against the blue sky facing them; clouds of all shapes floating over them, casting shadows, and below, at the bottom of the valley, flowing the river Inn! Pines and other forest trees covered the mountain sides. One tree which shaded the table at which they sat was inhabited by two or three little black squirrels, so tame that they dropped on to the table once or twice to carry off bits of cake, to the intense pleasure of the children. The Austrian mistress and one of the maids carried out relays of food; they could not do enough for us, treating us like highly honoured guests; they themselves having the charm of manner that goes with true courtesy, kindness and simplicity. As the shadows began to lengthen, the children had to go to bed, sleepy, but reluctant. The elder boy whispered as they went: "This place must be close to Heaven, it is so high, so lovely, and everybody so kind," and he decided that their evening hymn, after they got into bed, must be *All things bright and beautiful*.

Heavenly indeed were the weeks that followed in that enchanting country, with its manifold interests, its excursions, walks, sightseeing, flowers, and exhilarating climate; and a most congenial company of relations and friends with whom to enjoy it all. One of the first things the Partners did was to climb up the steep ravine at the back of Mühlau, to find the source of the great mountain torrent which came down the valley, its force supplying Innsbruck and all its neighbourhood with electricity. They found it at last, a great hole in the living rock, from which the water rushed. They each drank in turn the most wonderful water they had ever tasted, so fresh, sparkling, cold and invigorating. The Chief Partner exclaimed: "It's like iced champagne turned into water."

On the way back, each peasant they passed greeted them with a friendly smile, saying "Greus Gott" (God be with you); and they soon learnt to make the same response, for that is a greeting which they found was always made by these gentle, simple country people. They found the grandmother, who was not able to do much walking, watching the children as they played in that fairy tale garden, and heard her singing softly to herself:

The children live in heaven all day,
And if we watch them as they play
Perhaps we may some hint surprise
Of secret dealings with the skies.

They dance, they run, they leap, they shout,
They fling the torch of joy about;
Gay prodigals of golden mirth,
They lavish laughter on the earth.

The children sleep in heaven all night,
Then meet the morning with delight,
And scamper out upon their way
To love and live in heaven all day.

The next day the whole party decided must be spent in Innsbruck itself; the most beautiful city in Austria, or perhaps one should say the city with the most beautiful environs. In every direction one sees the circle of great mountains, which draw near to the river Inn on the north side; they tower high above the cultivated slopes. The town of Innsbruck itself was founded by the Counts of Andecks in 1180. Then it became the property of the Habsburgs in 1363, and under Maximilian I it enjoyed much prosperity. In 1677 it acquired a university, and later on in the eighteenth century it increased greatly in importance. Berg Isel on its south side was the scene of the heroic battles fought in the year 1809, when Andreas Hofer and his brave Tyrolese peasants recaptured Innsbruck from the Bavarians and French. The streets are most picturesque, especially the Maria-Theresien Strasse with its seventeenth and eighteenth century houses, and its wonderful background of mountains; then comes the Herzog Friedrich-Strasse, going through the old town; flanked with arcades, it takes one straight to the Goldenes Dachl, a famous Gothic balcony with a gilded copper roof on the old Furstenburg palace, which was built by Duke Frederick of Tyrol, who was nicknamed "with the empty pockets" and who, it is said, in a vain attempt to disprove his nickname, gilded this copper roof with real gold, thereby leaving his pockets still emptier.

The Hofkirche, a little further on, is really a shrine to the Emperor Maximilian I, as it was built in compliance with his will. His massive marble sarcophagus stands in the middle, and at the sides were twenty-eight bronze statues of his ancestors and contemporaries carrying funeral torches. The best of these—Arthur, King of England (which is the finest German statue of Renaissance period) and Theodoric, King of the

Ostrogoths—are by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg. The great black sarcophagus itself is ornamented with twenty-four reliefs in Carrara Marble, representing the principal events in the life of the Emperor. The church had many other things of interest, and was full of visitors. When they got out, the eldest child begged to have a photo of the beautiful statue of King Arthur, he being at that time her particular hero; as the shops had many photos of it, a good one was soon found for her, and much cherished.

The Museum had original work by Tyrolese sculptors, both medieval and modern; frescoes, and painted wood carvings; also a picture gallery with pictures by Tyrolese, German, Dutch, and Flemish artists. A good collection of arms, as well as enamels, Venetian glass, porcelain, lace, coins, etc. We visited also the University, the Library, and many beautiful streets adorned with old houses.

Perhaps the excursions to the country round were the best fun of all. To Schloss Ambras, for instance, a castle of the eleventh century, which belonged to Ferdinand, the Governor of Tyrol, who in 1557 married the beautiful Philippine Welser, daughter of a patrician of Augsburg. They lived there for many happy years together; after her death, her husband filled the castle with treasures of art; it, and the beautifully wooded surroundings we much appreciated. Then there was the run which goes up through the woods to Igls, which lies at the foot of the Patscher Kofel, with its charming view of the undulating terrace plateau, and the Stubai mountains; the air here attracts many people who like the pleasant walks in the woods.

One day the whole party drove out to the village of Zirl, close to the Martinswand, which is about nine miles to the west of Innsbruck; many of the people

were in their picturesque peasant costumes, all with smiling faces and pleasant looks. They noted that as the peasants passed the Calvaries by the mountain paths they knelt reverently for a few moments. It was an easy twenty minutes' walk to Martinswand, where the Emperor Maximilian lost his way on the almost perpendicular precipice while hunting, taking refuge in a small cave till he was at last rescued by a chamois-hunter. The cave now contains a view indicator, and a bust of the Emperor. Another and longer run was to the top of the Patscher Kofel with its wonderful view over the Stubai-thal and glacier.

A whole day was devoted to the visit to the Archensee, that lovely dark blue lake, the largest, finest and deepest in North Tyrol. It lies in a valley dammed in at the south end by moraines of the glacial period, and it reflects the mountains round it like a clear mirror. It is about five and a half miles long, and the run round it in the little steamer was delicious. The water looked like melted sapphires, and was as cold as ice to the touch. It is at a height of three thousand and fifty feet above the sea. A long and unforgettable day of beauty. The party got back to Mühlau at eight o'clock in the evening, tired and very happy, with the happiness that perfect beauty always gives.

One evening they all went to a performance of Tyrolean national songs and dances, given by Franz Ringler's company, who came from Sillian in Pustertal. It was a most joyous evening. The men and women, all young and very good looking, in their national dress, sang, danced and played upon a great variety of instruments. Their voices were clear, sweet and bell-like, their dancing graceful and gay. The party were enchanted, and asked for, and got, encore after encore. The whole entertainment was very good.

They would have liked to have had another performance, but the company could only give one evening to each place, and were booked the next day for Innsbruck. They seemed pleased with the delighted reception the audience gave them, and asked them each to accept picture postcards of them, writing their names at the bottom of the cards.

There was one journey made to the highest point on the Vorarlberg Railway, to the end of the second longest tunnel in Europe: this greatly pleased the Chief Partner and the grandfather, who both loved railway journeys; but it was too fatiguing a day for the grandmother and the children. As they got back in the evening they saw the elder boy on hands and knees grubbing in the garden while his elder sister standing above called out: "You're a naughty, naughty boy to spoil the garden like that." He raised his little face, crimson with exertion, answering firmly: "I'm not naughty. I'm like daddy, so I'm good and true; and I'm just making the garden tidy." Then they both saw the party and there was a rush down the slope to greet them, and many questions asked as to what they had seen, and demands to be taken out with them the next day, which was promised, and an easy drive and picnic afternoon into the country was taken to the Lanser Kopke, with its view indicator, commanding the beautiful view of the Inntal. This gave great satisfaction.

The grandmother, who was troubled with rheumatism, had heard great things of the curative power of the evaporating houses with strong salt-baths in Hall, which was within easy reach of Innsbruck, and decided to take a three weeks' cure there, in the house of a young Austrian doctor who was spoken very highly of. So, in the company of one aunt, she went

there, and certainly derived much benefit. The Partners, who went to see her several times, were shown something which made a great impression upon them, as they have never seen anything like it either before or since. The doctor who was a clever young scientist, told them he had lately perfected an instrument with which he could test thought power, and at their eager request showed it working. He slightly darkened the room and attached the machine to the grandmother, telling her to think about some subject which required deep thought. As she sat there thinking, a clear flame or light rose up slowly from the top of her head, shaped like one side of a pyramid; when it had reached the height of about four inches it stood still; the doctor, who was watching her keenly, urged her to think more profoundly on some difficult, obstruse subject; slowly the yellow light on her head mounted higher, till it was about six inches, when it remained steady. The doctor gave a pleased smile, saying: "It is the best result I have as yet had from any woman's head; you have great power of thought." What happened later to this very wonderful invention of his they never heard, though they often wondered. He tried it on many people and found he could accurately judge their thinking powers from it.

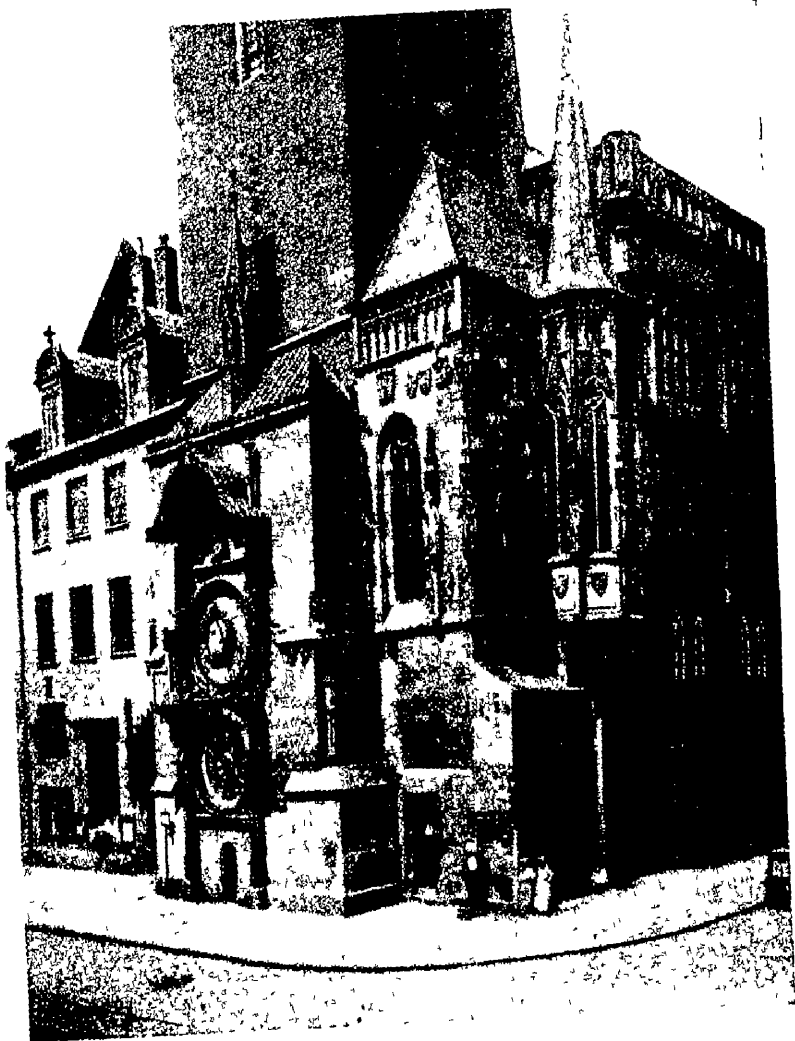
The Partners did not neglect to wander about the streets of quaint old Hall, with its picturesque squares, and flights of steps ascending from the lower to the upper town. It owes its importance to its salt works, which go back to the thirteenth century. Its Castle of Hasegg has a curious old tower called the "Munzer-Turm." The Kreuzers and Zwanzigers issued by Andreas Hofer in 1809 were coined there. In the centre of the town is the Gothic parish church of the thirteenth century, and adjoining it is a chapel with

wood carvings and old frescoes. They saw several picturesque old houses, also the oldest Renaissance church and convent in German-speaking Tyrol. There is an electric railway to Innsbruck and to Mühlau, which made coming backwards and forwards quite an easy matter.

On their last return from Hall they found that the children had been taken through the streets of Innsbruck by the nurse. What seemed to have chiefly taken their fancy were two great stone statues against a wall: the two elder called them "gigantic" and "enormous," the youngest used a telescope-word, saying: "We saw two gi-normic men holding up a wall; when I grow up I would like to be gi-normic too, and carry children on my shoulders like daddy does me."

He was told his name ought to be Christopher, but did not understand the allusion, and said he liked his own name best. At that time all his English friends called him "Pat" because of his turned-up nose, and very rosy cheeks.

At the end of the golden summer days, the party of relations and friends began to break up and drift homewards. The last to go were the Partners and their little family. They were greatly astonished and touched at the "send off" given them by the kind Austrian people at the hotel. A magnificent cake was presented to the children to eat on the journey, a most artistic basket of flowers to their mother, and a beautiful hand-painted and hand-printed letter to the father, extolling the virtues and good qualities of himself and all his family. The hostess was in tears when she and her husband kissed their hands as they left. Dear, kind people! The party also much regretted leaving them and their entrancing country.



PRAGUE
Town Hall with Famous Clock

Facing page 87

PRAGUE

WE were the complete tourist. We did Prague in three days; the trail of the guidebook was over it all, and the Spirit of Baedeker nods approval. Having in this wise done it once, we urgently desire to do it again, taking three weeks or, better still, three months over the process; but this, I fear, is beyond hope. Fate never forgives; she has given us our chance of seeing Prague, and we took advantage of it—to the extent of three days. Afterwards we repented in sackcloth and ashes.

It was not entirely our fault. One who ought to have known, spake unto us saying, "You can easily see all of Prague in one day: there is a bridge with statues, and a funny old church." This reminds us—now—of an American we once met in a hotel. The talk was running on various show towns of Europe, and this gentleman was silent till some one spoke of Venice. Then he brightened up, "Ah, yes! Venice, now Venice is what I really call a nice town, there's nothing whatever to see there, and nothing whatever to do; very nice place, Venice." He would have been delighted with our friend and informant. Bridge with statues? Funny old church? Explore Prague patiently and you may yet find more.

And what a town it was to explore! Prague, thank heaven, is still to a certain extent un-Haussmannized. You still meet the Middle Ages at many a corner: not only in the great public buildings such as the Rathhaus, the Pulverthurm and the Teinkirche, but also in the picturesque little squares hiding away in deserted nooks, in the vast courtyards which you

unexpectedly find at the end of some cut-throat-looking alley, and in the narrow back-lanes. There are fine streets, plenty of them; and one at least is more than fine: there are electric lights, trams, cafés, restaurants, and shops, all on the most approved models of Vienna and Paris: but there are also slums; dear, dirty, genuinely medieval slums: we sniffed up the familiar reek and plunged into the labyrinth.

A sneaking-visaged Jew lurking at a secret corner like a spider waiting for his prey, bore us off to see the oldest synagogue in Europe. The lower part of its walls dates from the sixth century, the upper portion from the thirteenth. It is also noteworthy as being the only synagogue in the world built in Gothic style, with vaulted roof and Gothic pillars. It was very small, very dingy, and infinitely pathetic. A banner hanging from the roof, embroidered with Hebrew texts, was a gift of the Emperor Ferdinand the Third to commemorate the part played by the Jews in the defence of the city against the Swedish troops in 1648. On the Jewish Rathhaus across the way is a clock whose hands move backwards, apparently the custom of Jewish clocks. We stared at it till we got a crick in the neck, but could discern no perceptible movement, so took it on trust and followed our spider to the deeper recesses of his web. He deposited us at the door of the Jews' cemetery, mulcted us of a shekel, and melted into the landscape.

Higgledy piggedly packed we lie,
Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
Worms in carcase, fleas in a sleeve.

Browning cannot have seen the Jewish cemetery at Prague when he wrote that, or his similes would have been even more forcible. It is a ragged, irregular acre or so of ground, tightly squeezed in among the backs

of the old Ghetto houses, and for more than eleven hundred years it was the only burying place for one of the most populous ghettos in Europe. The oldest decipherable tombstone dates from A.D. 596, the newest from 1787, when interments ceased. More than thirteen thousand known bodies and probably hundreds more of unknown, have been crammed into this narrow space. They must have packed them in layers like sardines, have dug and re-dug the festering ground till it was one mass of corruption. With it all, the place now has a beauty of its own. Stunted acacia trees droop low over the piled heaps of broken tombstones, the rank juicy grass forces its way up between the tightly serried rows, breaking through their ranks and tilting them into more and ever more hopeless confusion, as it strains upwards towards the scanty sunlight and the gently dropping flowers; trees, flowers and grass alike are rich with the richness of the decaying soil: the whole place is a picture of desolation, but of beauty even in its desolation, for it is a green and peaceful oasis in the midst of Ghetto noise and squalor. But the lasting impression is one of cram, crowd, squeeze. Whether or no the Jews of Prague were lovely and pleasant in their lives it is at least certain that in their deaths they were not divided.

We look on picture galleries and museums as things of importance. From the last fascinating remnants of the Ghetto now rapidly disappearing, from the Cemetery, as unique and suggestive a spot as any in Europe, we ran violently through the streets in the blazing sun till we reached a very fine and large brand-new building, called the Rudolphinum, where, said the guide-book, there were pictures. Mercifully it was closed for a fortnight, so we were at liberty to stroll across "a bridge with statues" guarded at each end by peaky-

roofed, war-worn towers decorated with many coats-of-arms, to saunter up to the Rathhaus and watch the world-famous clock going through its hourly performance, with the apostles passing in procession, Peter's cock crowing, Death tolling the bell and beckoning to the unwilling miser, and all the rest of the marvellous allegory; and finally, to explore more slums, till duty tapped us on the shoulder and reminded us of the Royal Bohemian Museum at the top of the Wenzelplatz.

They called it a Platz but it is really a street—when once you have reached it. Some eight hundred yards long by seventy broad, it runs straight as an arrow up a very gentle slope to the imposing Museum lying dominant across the top: it needs a double row of shade trees along the middle and those already growing along the pavements might be rather larger; it would then rank very high amongst European thoroughfares, even as it is not very many surpass it.

They are proud of their Bohemian museum in Prague, and with reason. It is a really splendid building, white marble without, coloured inlaid marbles and parqueterie within, built entirely by popular subscription, and strictly Bohemian in its exhibits. Pictures, parchments, carvings, missals, medals, armour, costumes, all speak of Bohemia's past glories, from the fine collection of pre-historic ornaments and weapons to the life-size peasant-figures of wax showing off the various changes of costume during the course of the centuries. A very small collection of mummies and eastern idols was the only foreign touch. We faithfully endeavoured to do our duty and plodded conscientiously from case to case, but the streets were calling to us, and after a long, long hour we turned our backs alike upon mouldering mummies and magnificence of modern marble and fled away to our well-beloved slums.

Oh, but Prague is a good town in which to go a-loafing! The fashionable streets were Austrian in their gay life and movement, many of the smaller thoroughfares in the Old Town reminded one of provincial France, and the little lanes, alleys, and squares, are frankly Italian. The Piazza delle Erbe in Verona is absolutely reduplicated, even to the tower overlooking it from one end, by the fruit and vegetable market, with its rows of gaudily kerchiefed women under the white wide umbrellas; the low-browed ponderous arcades are the harbour front of Genoa as it used to be; at half a dozen narrow arch-spanned corners you expect to see St. Mark's Piazza instead of the Grosser Ring opening out before you; we stumbled occasionally on to bits of cloistered courtyard almost worthy of Florence; and the quaint Czechisch signs and advertisements give to Prague a touch all its own. Italian too are very many of the faces you meet, Italian the softness of their speech, and most Italian the charm of their manners; the whole town is redolent of Italy, the very policemen, with the jaunty plume of cock-feathers in their hats, recall the Bersaglieri. Long, lean, and sunburned are these policemen, with hawk's eyes and keen self-reliant faces; most of them seem to speak at least two languages and they watch over the stranger as over a favourite child. Even the London Bobby cannot give them many points.

Why is not the Moldau more famous? It is far lovelier than many better known rivers. Not very deep, evidently, since it is backed up by two weirs over which the water falls with a pleasant tinkling, but broad, calm and placid; and at least it fills its bed decently from bank to bank and does not leave its bridges to straddle ridiculously half their length over shabby-looking meadows. Here and there it turns

quaint old mills, well-wooded charming little islets are dotted about on it, and now and then it splits up into half a dozen little, rushing channels between high, dark houses quite Venetian in appearance. In fact, it is as pretty a river as any town could ask for. Go and dine at the Sofien Insel—Zofinsky Ostrov is its fancy name—and then lean over the parapet watching the full moon and the many lights of the Hradschin reflected in the broad, rippleless water, on a warm June evening, while the band a few yards off is playing one of Strauss's waltzes as only a military band can, and see if you do not think so too.

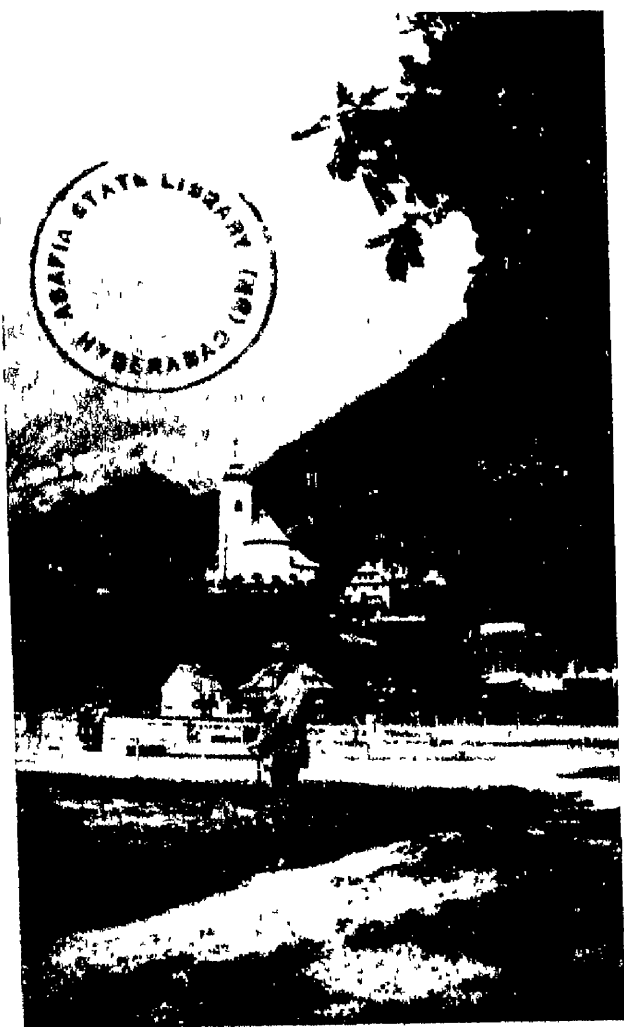
And so we came to Prague's chief glory, the Hradschin. The word, Hradschin, "surprises by himself" as Count Smorltork said, the reality leaves you gasping by the time you have climbed the two hundred and odd steps to the palace front, the view from whence is alone worth the trouble. Strictly speaking, the Hradschin is an entire district of the town, but one applies the name more particularly to the Royal Palace, a huge, ugly building containing an incredible number of rooms, galleries, and halls of state, courtyards, chapels, and pleasure grounds, the only room of much interest being the third story chamber from whose window, in 1618, sundry Bohemian noblemen threw three gentlemen of the opposite persuasion into the ditch far below, an act whose immediate result was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. Behind the Palace is St. Veit's Cathedral, whose clustering spires and high pitched roof towering above the long line of the Palace are the first things to greet the stranger entering Prague, and the last to bid him farewell. This lovely old church contains an infinity of interesting and historical treasures. There is the Iron Crown of Bohemia behind seven-fold locks, there is St.

Wenzel's Chapel lined with mouldering frescoes and studded with Bohemian garnets, wherein are kept the sword and mail shirt of the slaughtered king, there is the great silver tomb of St. John Nepomuk, object of the most intense devotion; a full day could be spent in this Cathedral alone. Further up the Hradschin hill we visited the quiet cloisters of the Loretto Kirche, and were shown a monstrance ornamented with more than six thousand diamonds valued at something over three millions of florins. This little piece of portable property was the gift of a Countess Waldstein from whose wedding robe the diamonds were taken; it is only used once a year, on Whit Monday. One house on the Hradschin should on no account be missed. Ask for the Hostince Virkarka, and see that you get it: a dingy eating-house which has been in existence as such since the fourteenth century and is now greatly frequented by the Cathedral clergy. They know how to cook in Prague.

As for the distant Vyscherad on which are the remains of the oldest fortress of Prague said to have been built about the seventh century by one Libuschka; as for the Rathhaus with its splendid pictures of Huss before the Council of Constance, and the Election of George Podiebrand as first King of Bohemia, its tiny prison cell where you cannot stand upright, in which political prisoners used to spend their last night before being led out to execution on the Grosser Ring close by, its beautiful medieval halls from whose roof-beams are hung the chains, now gilded, which used to close the Ghetto gates o' nights, and where we burst in upon the Prague Town Council in solemn session assembled who forthwith ceased from their lofty deliberations and crowded after us into the delicate little Erker-Kapelle adjoining, listening to our guide's explanations with

as much interest as did we ourselves and correcting him when he went wrong, taking a quite paternal interest in us, in fact, until we, in all innocence, asked whether the legend were true which says that the maker of the wonderful clock before-mentioned had, as his reward, his eyes put out lest he should ever make another—then indeed the Council putting on an expression as of men insulted in their tenderest point by a well-loved friend returned to their labours; as for the Tein Kirche, “a funny old church” you will remember, where the Tomb of Tycho Brahe the Danish astronomer is but the finest of many very fine tombs, all these and more we simply galloped through; were we not “doing” Prague—with the help of a guidebook?

Such very unimportant details as the Clementinum (formerly a Jesuit College, now a bewildering maze of courtyards, churches, libraries, observatories, and university institutions all enclosed in one vast building) two municipal museums, the Waldstein, Kinsky and Nostitzsch palaces each with its own picture gallery and library, and the various beautiful public gardens and parks together with an unknown number of churches and an infinitude of enticing-looking lanes hitherto unexplored, all such minor details, I say, we left untouched; there was simply no time for them. But we did Prague: oh yes, we certainly did Prague—and all in three days too! May we only be given another chance!



FLEWELN
William Tell's Country

Facing page 95

SPRING IN SWITZERLAND

It is only those who have spent a winter in Switzerland who can properly appreciate the full beauty of the Swiss Spring. The gradual disappearance of the white world of ice and snow, which has held you enthralled for months past by its cold sparkling beauty, is indeed often followed by some weeks of rain, slush and mud. But sometimes one leaps from the white snows of February into a soft warmth that seems more like May than March, and with the warmth, spring up the wild flowers like magic.

Violets, violets everywhere, wild hyacinths, masses of primroses. It is no exaggeration to say that one week one walked on fields of snow, the next, on acres of primroses.

Then nature had its revenge, and after a fortnight of this wonderful warmth, we plunged into cold and rain; but after all it only kept the spring flowers longer with us; as soon as the rain ceased they appeared in their millions, and never shall I forget the glorious world of yellow primroses.

It was at Chateau de L'Hermite we saw them at their best; for Chateau de L'Hermite is the country house of some Swiss friends of ours and we had been asked there to a big midday dinner, and family reunion of young people.

It was a regular fête with them: the head of the family invited all his get-at-able relations, especially the children, to dine and hunt for eggs and a great function it was.

The Swiss have the reputation of being proud and

stand-offish, and they say themselves that they do not care to know the strangers who throng to their country, unless these latter have introductions. But—given the introductions—they are kindness and hospitality itself.

They do not understand or care for “Pot luck.” To them entertainment is a serious affair. The invitations are generally formally worded; the preparations tremendous: and the compliments and pretty speeches that fly between entertainer and entertained, carry one back to the old French regime, making one feel as if one lived in the days of powder and patches. It is a pretty gift this, the turning of a truthful compliment (for even a compliment can be truthful) though it has fallen into disuse among us English folk.

But to return to our Easter Day. Our host and hostess received us with the most charming curtesy, introducing us to all those whom we had not already met, and then with many bows and curtsies we paired off, arm in arm, and as we were the only people present who were not related to the host, we were put in the places of honour at the gaily decorated, well-covered table.

The children, being eighteen in number, had a table to themselves, at which much merriment went on.

Personally I found that dinner none too long. Our host and hostess were both good raconteurs. The flow of bright, gay conversation never ceased round the table, and the slightly different dinner customs added a certain piquancy to everything. One of these struck us especially.

Each dish in turn was carried first to the host and then to the hostess who each gravely inspected it, and nodded approval before it was carried off to the side-board to be dismembered and handed round. One

again thought of old days when the host inspected and tasted everything, for fear of any evil coming to an honoured guest through food in his house.

One dish awoke universal admiration; it was a spotted trout weighing fifteen pounds. A real beauty. Compliments were showered upon it for in Switzerland it is "good form" to compliment your entertainers on the food they provide.

After the drinking of healths and making of pretty speeches we all returned arm in arm to the drawing-room. The children disappeared into the garden with leave to pick flowers; the men and one or two of the younger women smoked cigarettes on the verandah: those ladies who did not smoke took their coffee in the drawing-room. And then began the egg hunting.

We have not this custom in England: but what a pretty one it is. The eggs are boiled hard and coloured either red, blue, yellow or green, then on Easter Day they are hidden in the garden, among the bushes, under the trees, in the grass, and the children find much excitement in hunting for them.

As soon as our host said:

"*Eh bien, cherchons les oeufs,*" there went up a delighted war-whoop from all the children, they scattered over the garden, and a vigorous search began.

And then what cries of joy as nest after nest was discovered and brought up in triumph, what anxiety to see who had found the most, what pretty manœuvring on the part of host and hostess to direct the footsteps of the children who had only found a few, to places where they would be likely to find more, till every little face looked pleased and happy. At last they all collected together in front of the house, hands full, baskets full, hats full.

"Now we must tap each other's eggs," said the

master of the ceremonies with an air of mock gravity. Remember, he who cracks the most keeps the most."

To tap eggs, two people hold each an egg in the right hand, and each taps firmly at the other's egg; whichever cracks first is conquered and has to be given up to the holder of the stronger egg. Mid much laughter and protest, the eggs were all tapped. There is an art in this as there is in most things. One small, fat, rosy boy of five proved himself a mighty tapper, and won immense kudos by carrying off the largest basket of eggs.

At last the pleasant day came to an end. The Cathedral clock slowly rang out the hour of six. The sun set over the lovely Lake of Geneva, its dying rays turning the primrose-covered grass into a field of pale, pure gold.

With regrets and thanks, with kindly hand pressures, and friendly smiles, we said *adieu*. So ended our happy Swiss Easter. A golden memory.

Before we left Lausanne our friends took us to see the house in which Gibbon wrote *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. A charming house, overlooking the Cathedral, with a wide, covered-in balcony; at one time the ladies of the house used it as a powdering room, and here also Gibbon wrote his history. He is looked upon as the most distinguished stranger who has ever settled down in Lausanne. Here he fell in love with Suzanne Curchod, who was the daughter of a country clergyman, well educated and remarkably pretty. She evidently admired and loved him, for though he was in reality an ugly, fat little man, she writes of him: "He has beautiful hair, a pretty hand, and the air of a man of rank. His face is so intellectual, and strange that I know no one like him. It has so much expression that one is always finding something

new in it. In a word, he has one of those faces that one never tires of trying to depict. He knows the respect that is due to women. His courtesy is easy without verging on familiarity. He dances well."

So these two became engaged. Unhappily his father would not give his consent, and spoke to his son of the cruelty of deserting him and of sending him prematurely to his grave, and Gibbon, after five years of engagement, broke it off and proposed a platonic friendship instead, which she would not accept. He really had no money to marry with, for he was dependent upon his father. Subsequently she married Jacques Necker, a wealthy Parisian banker, who was Louis XVI's Minister of Finance. Twenty years later Gibbon returned to Lausanne, and he and the beautiful Madame Necker became platonic friends, writing to each other frequently. He wrote his many famous volumes of history. She kept her renowned Salon.

The greatest of all the men connected with the environs of Lausanne was Saint Francis De Sales. He was a gentleman, a scholar, full of energy and courage and of most saintly humility; he was to Savoy what St. Francis of Assisi was to Italy.

Of course, the centre of intellectual life now in Lausanne is the University; it attracts people of many nationalities, as do also its schools. When we were there there were many Russians, whom the Swiss rather dreaded. We were astonished to find that when we entered into negotiations with a landlord who possessed a house with a garden overlooking the lake, he asked us if we had Russian relations or friends who would be likely to visit us, as if we had he could not let us the house. We assured him that we did not even know one Russian, and asked why he objected to them. He told us that a friend of his had let his

house the previous year to a Russian family, who during the winter used the larger rooms for skating in and cut his beautiful parquet floors into ribbons. Also that a Russian girl had, one evening, walked up to a well known Swiss banker as he was dining at a hotel and shot him through the head. She had mistaken him for a Russian official who had sent her father to Siberia, as there was some resemblance. She explained this at her trial, but this did not restore life to the poor Swiss banker, nor confidence to the inhabitants who had seen her action. Our landlord, for so he became, further told us that there were many Russian students at the University who would stop at nothing to get money. Some of them had captured a well-known wealthy Swiss gentleman on his way home, in his own grounds, threatening him with death if he refused to give them a large sum of money for their society; they told him that they would be at the same spot at eight the next evening, and woe betide him if he was not there alone, with the money; then they let him go. He got into touch with the police, who hid themselves in the grounds for two hours before the Russians arrived, and made a very clever capture of them, and were able to trace all the other members of the gang through their papers.

Time never lagged in Lausanne. There was so much to see and do and hear. The mountain scenery was grand, the climate bracing and exhilarating. In winter there was tobogganing and skating and pleasant friendly teas, for we knew many English and Swiss people. In summer we visited all the lovely places on Lake Geneva, went for long walks and drives; saw Mont Blanc from Morges. Went to the Chateau de Vufflens above Lausanne. Spent many a day at Chateau Chillon at the extreme end of the lake,

climbed the steep streets of the town, and always stopped to look at the steps of the Church of St. François, where the man who had been persuaded for a large sum of money to behead King Charles I of England, was at last caught by the pursuing loyalists and put to death.

We spent a fortnight's holiday on the French coast at Evien-les-Bains on the opposite side of the lake, where we were joined by relations from Jersey, making a large party for picnics, mountain climbing and flower picking.

In the winter holidays we went to Chateaux d'Oex for the mild, but very enjoyable, winter sports. The sun there was so hot that with three feet of snow on the ground one could not keep on an overcoat, till the sun sank—then one wanted it badly.

In the spring we gathered masses of the sweet-scented wild narcissi to send home in boxes to friends; the best place to find them was Les Avants. In autumn we made picnic parties to the Gorges du Trient, to the Château de Nyon, and to the Jura Mountains, and also did a good deal of boating on the lake. We also visited Geneva, where old friends of ours were staying, but came back much pleased that Lausanne was our place of residence, and not Geneva, which we found windy, dusty and not beautiful.

When time and fortune moved us on from Switzerland we returned home via Bâle, Mannheim, and so down the Rhine by steamer, sleeping on board and travelling by day, so that we lost none of the scenery of the Rhine with its famous castles; as we passed the great rock of the Lorelei everyone stood up and nearly everyone joined in the famous song connected with that rock. The steamer stopped for many hours at Cologne, so that we were able to land and take the

children to see the Cathedral, and the beautiful Church of St. Ursula, where she and the eleven thousand maidens who were with her lie buried, martyred for their faith. Then on to Rotterdam and back home, the children as usual proving themselves excellent travellers.

ZURICH BY THE LAKE

THOSE who like to see confined animals, unconfined—to use an Irishism—should go to Zurich. Their zoo is just a piece of the hillside, with the trees and grass left. It is lightly fenced here and there—so lightly and inconspicuously that the animals themselves don't seem to realise that fences exist. As for the elephants, nothing keeps them in but a spiked iron border about one foot high and two feet wide. Over this they never attempt to cross, but walk about within this low enclosure, accepting gratefully every bun and piece of bread they can get. The air on this hillside is like champagne, but it does not seem to go to their heads. The animals are docile and friendly.

I think the Swiss are fond of birds and animals. While sitting on the pier waiting for the steamer to take us to the end of the lake, I saw a hen sparrow hovering near the small window through which the steamer tickets were given out. Once or twice she made a dart direct for the window, but had to withdraw as passengers came up to buy their tickets. As the last passed on she fluttered almost in, and tried to grasp the ledge with her little claws.

Obviously the ticket seller knew and expected her. He put his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, drew out a large crumb, gently advancing his hand towards the bird. In an instant she seized the crumb, dropped on to the pier to eat it; then, carefully wiping her beak, flew away. A moment afterwards appeared a cock sparrow, evidently determined to get

his crumb. As soon as he had disappeared came a bullfinch, who was also fed in the same way. Then the ticket seller went too, for it was his dinner time. He smiled at the birds. Two or three of them followed him for a few yards, but he stopped not; perhaps he knew that his wife was waiting at home to feed him.

The two hours' excursion to the end of the lake as far as Rappersvil was very pretty. The finest scenery, high mountains with snowy peaks, being at the far end from the town. Rappersvil is one of those delicious old Swiss towns with brown and red roofed houses: an old castle which has been turned into a museum for antique furniture and pictures: people who have kept kind hearts and not lost their simplicity: comfortable old fashioned hotels: and, to judge by the dozens of rowing and fishing boats, much water life.

But naturally there is much water life in and round Zurich. Two rivers flow right through the clean, well laid out town, and in these, as well as in the lake, people bathe and swim. On these, as well as on the lake, people row and fish in thousands, or dart along in their motor boats, laughing, singing and greeting each other. How happy and contented they all look, how strong and well! The out-of-doors sport life of ski-ing, skating and lugging during their spare hours in winter; boating, swimming, and other out-of-door exercises in the summer, as soon as their work is over, keeps them fit. Even the spare half-hours are used for exercising their muscles out of doors. One may see, on a cool day in one of the smaller empty squares, middle-aged men in their bathing dresses playing a quick game of rounders, and chasing each other before going to their dinner.

Part of Zurich is old, part new; all equally clean. The streets are well laid out, often planted with trees,

chiefly pink horse-chestnuts, and many are the small squares with comfortable seats for the weary.

The shops are large, well-lit, well-arranged. There is a constant tram service to every part of the town. The motor traffic is excellently regulated: note this, O pedestrians, thankfully! It is famous for its University, its engineering school, its manufactories of silk and cotton. It does not at all depend on visitors for its support, but it welcomes and is courteous to them.

As for the young women, one sees them rise instinctively in a tram if an older woman cannot find a place, and offer her a seat with a pleasant smile. Mr. Hutchinson, who wrote such a scathing article on the manners of the modern woman, would certainly approve of them.

But it is the children who are the chief jewels in the crown of Zurich. Watch them as they troop out of school at eleven o'clock. Any town in the world would be proud to call them hers. Healthy, well-developed, with fresh complexions, clear, sparkling eyes, happy faces; comfortably clothed, well-fed bodies. One rarely sees a weakling, or unkind roughness among them. I noticed a lady sitting down with a bandaged foot resting on a small portable footstool; two of the boys, as they ran past, knocked this footstool over. They did not run on with the half-rude, half-shy manner which many children have, but stopped at once, saying "Entschuldigen" ("forgive me"), picked up the stool, placed it under the lady's foot, then hurried on, looking back to exchange a farewell smile with her. The children of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow: Zurich need not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies at the gate—that is, if Zurich has any enemies, which one doubts.

Two things only would I have altered during our all-too-brief stay: less pig in all its manifold and well-cooked forms upon the table; more sunshine out of doors. Doubtless the absence of one accounts for the presence of the other! Roast pork is very heating.

BAGNOLES IN NORMANDY

BAGNOLES de l'Orne, in Normandy, is renowned in France and America, and beginning to be known in England, for its wonderful waters, its almost miraculous cures. People come to it in thousands to be cured of thrombosis, phlebitis, varicose veins, and all the many ills attendant on bad circulation.

It is, and has been for many years, a hunting county in the winter, and it is owing to a horse, so the legend runs, that the healing properties of the waters were first discovered. Thus goes the story, which all the inhabitants firmly believe.

A certain Norman Seigneur named Hugues, was a mighty hunter, following the deer, and shooting the herons with great regularity; taking his favourite steed, Rapide, with him whenever possible.

But age and time began to take their toll of master and horse. Rapide at the age of twenty years showed signs of failing, and one day while his master was hunting with him in the forest of Andaine broke down altogether, and could not even get back home.

His master, who had loved him for years, could not find it in his heart to kill him; but leading him to a narrow gorge, through which a torrent ran, he said farewell to his favourite, convinced he would never see him again.

A month passed. One morning as the Seigneur was walking in front of his Chateau he heard the light swift footfalls of Rapide who came galloping up to his master with neighs of delight, fresh and youthful looking; full of grace and vigour, and looking at him with bright

intelligent eyes, as if he longed to tell him all that had passed since last they met.

The Seigneur, half wild with delight, determined to discover the secret of his favourite's return to health. Taking with him an aged groom and two horses who had grown old in their master's service, he set out for the gorge at Bagnoles, where he had, a month before, left Rapide.

On arriving there they let loose the horses who, following an instinct which more often tells animals than men what is good for them, made their way to a natural basin into which the lukewarm torrent of water was falling. They remained in the water for quite half an hour. Daily they repeated the performance, till it was clear to the eyes of both master and servant that the horses were fresher, glossier and more youthful looking than they had been for many years.

Filled with interest and astonishment, the two men then made trial of the water, bathing and drinking every day, and finding to their amazement that vigour and health returned to their limbs. So runs the legend.

The fame of the waters has spread; hotels, pensions and villas have sprung up to meet the needs of those who seek freedom from the aches and pains of suffering veins and nerves—for the waters are also good for sciatica and neuritis.

To-day, in the gorge where Rapide took his life-giving baths, stands a huge hotel, and opposite it the "Etablissement Thermal" with its many baths for men and women, where the wonderful water, clear, with a delicate blue tint, comes lukewarm from the living rock.

Still the sides of the gorge are covered with pines and other trees, as they have been for many hundreds of years; but now winding paths have been cut through

them, and seats have been placed for the benefit of the patients, who must both walk and rest.

It is pleasant to watch these patients, who arrive sometimes carried, sometimes on crutches, sometimes walking stiffly and lamely, go away improved in health, blessing the waters, the country and the doctors, and vowing they will return again for another three weeks of these health-giving baths.

The cure seldom lasts more than three weeks, and the baths are only open from the 1st of May till the end of September, but rooms should be engaged well beforehand. Clever doctors who are specialists are there for the season.

On the 15th of June the waters are blessed. A very pretty and impressive ceremony this, in which the priests and people of Couterne, Tesse la Madeleine, and Bagnoles all take part. The Chapel built by the grateful Hugues close to the bathing establishment is filled to overflowing.

Bagnoles has many advantages: not the least being its easy accessibility, for by train from Paris it is only six hours, with a direct express train service.

Other advantages are the charming excursions and walks for those who feel strong enough to take them. The quiet, peaceful woods, where convalescents and those who have over-worked their brains or bodies may rest and get strong.

The more actively inclined may motor or drive to such places as Saint Maurice de Desert with its beautiful chateau containing an important library, rich in precious and rare books and old Norman documents. Beauvain, where there are many tales told about the Chateau de Raoneo, one of them being that one of its seigneurs in times gone by married a charming and beautiful fairy. La Motte Fouquet, with its lovely park,

Falaise, where William the Conqueror was born, and many other interesting places too numerous to mention.

Some are quite content to stay quietly in Bagnoles, watching the people of different nationalities go by, peeping into the shops with their Parisian goods brought down for the season, or drinking tea or coffee at one of the little tables set out for that purpose in the park.

Not particularly exciting, perhaps, to those who are in enjoyment of perfect health, but very pleasant and bright for those who have been invalids and in pain for many months and who are now beginning to feel a gradual but sure return to vigour and to whom life is presenting again fresh interests.

THE VENETIAN LAGOON

THOUSANDS, from different parts of the world, travel to Venice to bathe in the warm, shallow waters of the Lido. But of these thousands, how few visit the rest of the Venetian Lagoon, with its many fascinating islands! Yet for those who have eyes to see, how more than worth while they are to visit.

The further one goes across the Lagoon the more rich in colouring the islands become, and the more the sea and sky seem to melt into each other, till one feels as if one were in the heart of a vast sea-shell of pearly-grey hues touched into exquisite beauty by rays of palest rose and gold.

The nearest island to Venice is Murano, where Titian had his country house, and where he died. Now it is famous for its glass blowing factories, though Venetian glass, like many other things, is not what it was before the war. Here live the families of the men and women who work in these factories. We watched one vase being blown from a lump of blue glass which had lain for twenty-four hours in the furnace. It wanted a long breath to do it, and as it swung backwards and forwards on the blowpipe that hung from the blower's mouth, one expected every second to see it fall to the ground in fragments. But no, the transparent, pale blue vase was lifted off safely, twisted into shape and put to "cool" in a warm oven, where it would later on be painted with a design in gold—probably by some young girl.

In Burano, the next island on the Lagoon, the good Queen Margharita revived the pillow lace industry, which had been started hundreds of years before by the

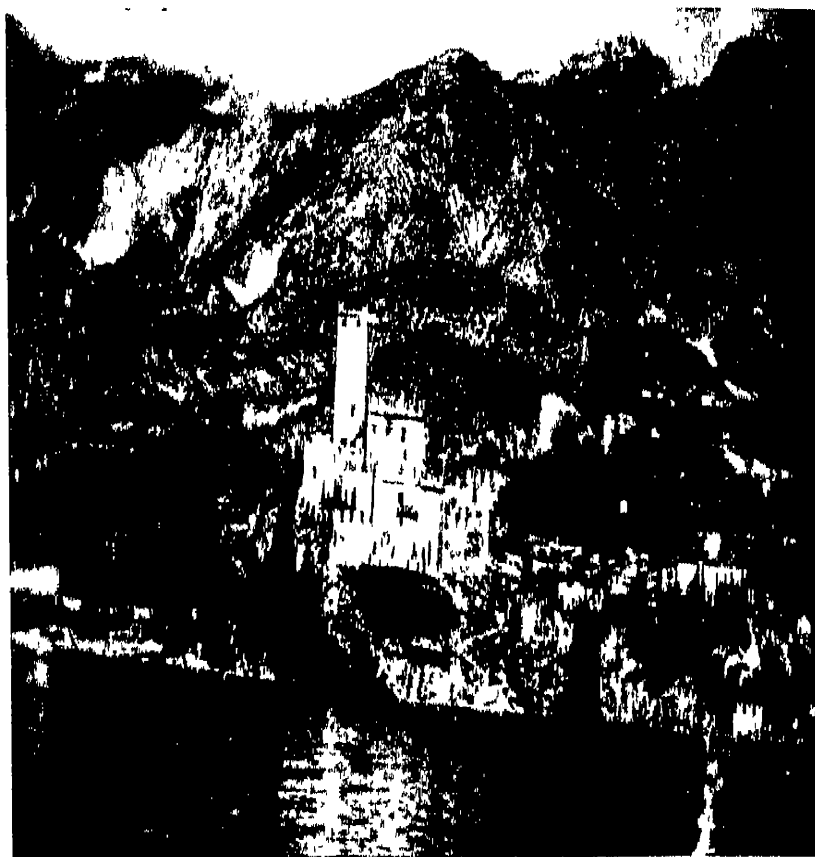
wife of one of the Doges. Here the finest Venetian point is made. There is a morning and afternoon school for lace making, presided over by a dear old nun, who told me that there was a school also for children, and that when the girls married, they continued lace making at home and brought much grist to the mill by doing so.

The women, when their eyesight fails them for the fine lace work, make nets for the fishermen.

But it was the last island, Chioggia, which left us speechless. It is called, rightly, the Island of Artists. Each fishing boat, with its multi-coloured sails, makes a picture by itself. The fishermen vie with each other in having their sails beautifully painted or dyed—some have an oval in the centre with a picture of the Madonna, or a patron saint, standing out on the gold-brown sail—others have the arms of Venice—others the rising sun. All are suggestive and attention-compelling.

We stood on the quay and watched the hundreds of boats coming home in the sunset light. Each at a certain point dipped its sails, turned sideways, and ran sharply into a long narrow harbour, where they packed like herrings in a barrel. We tried to photograph them, but they were too quick for us—besides, we were much hampered by a fisherman's small son, called Manino, who posed himself in front of the camera and wanted to be in the foreground of every picture.

At last the steamer whistled, and we had to return to Venice. For two hours we glided gently over that exquisite Lagoon—revelling in the tender lights and colours of the evening—passing little islands and small sailing boats—which all looked unreal and dream-like in that opaline sea. We could not speak. Even to say "How lovely!" seemed banal. Few people realise what they miss if they go to Venice without visiting the islands of the lagoon.



Malesine on Lake Garda

Facing page 113

THE LAKES IN ITALY

WE left Jersey in May, and had a perfect run to St. Malo and Paris, in the evening catching the Simplon Express for Stresa. We got into midsummer heat, and found it delightful to sit out of doors under a big umbrella for lunch, looking at the Lake Maggiore with its islands, the mountains a little misty in the distance, the hotel garden full of palms, flowers, and beautiful shrubs. We felt lazy, for the Chief Partner was tired out and had a heavy cough, and just to relax in all that beauty and warmth was a great refreshment. After a day or two of "*dolce far niente*," we felt equal to sight-seeing, and especially for the steamer runs of which one never tires. Maggiore is the second largest lake in Italy—eighty-two square miles—and the most beautiful; it is fed by many small rivers, which themselves are fed by mountain snows. Sometimes the winds from these mountains wash the placid lake into a fury, but this is not often. The only disturbing things we found were the motors, motor bicycles and motor boats, which scream and hoot, upsetting what would be otherwise an earthly paradise. In the mornings and evenings the birds sing most sweetly in the trees.

The first stroll we took was through the attractive side streets, where we were so smitten with the gorgeous garden umbrellas, that we stopped at Minola's and ordered some to be sent to Jersey by post. On paying Minola, he showed us his books of orders from English people; many well-known names were there, amongst them Sir Oliver Lodge. Then we went on

to look at some of the picturesque villas, especially the Villa Ducale, which belonged to the mother of Queen Marguerita. We found delightful walks, too, amongst the woods: but it was the lake which attracted us most.

The first steamer excursion was to the Borromean Islands, which, with the exception of the Isola dei Pescatori, belong to the noble family of Borromeo. The Isola Bella is the most famous, with a garden of ten terraces with subtropical trees and shrubs and very ornate statues, gardens, and fountains. Here the white peacocks, with their golden tails, move slowly about and allow themselves to be photographed. The unfinished palace has fine furniture, tapestries, ancient weapons and a picture gallery. From these we went on to the Isola Madre, the largest of these islands, also well planted with exotic trees and flowers. Then on to the Isola dei Pescatori, a most picturesque little fishing village, where artists congregate. From here we found it easy to get a boat and be rowed over to Baveno which is quite the favourite resort of English visitors, and of Americans, too. There is a beautiful little English church there to which Queen Victoria always went when she stayed at the Villa Clara in 1879, and the lovely walk on the shore from Baveno to Stresa, with its charming view of the islands was taken one day by the Chief Partner. The Spanish cherries which grow along the sides of the streets are most uncommon to English eyes, but it is impossible, we were told, to grow them out of doors in a cold, damp climate.

One afternoon we took one of the comfortable little Victorian carriages into the town, and caught the cog-wheel train to the top of Mount Mottarone, a wonderful, winding journey, giving us fine views of the lake

with its islands, and the range after range of mountains. It took just an hour to get there, where the great cross stands; near it were growing blue gentians. We had tea at the little station close by and quite enjoyed the cool bracing air for two hours. The run down in the evening light was lovely.

A steamer run to Pallanza was delightful for its views and flowers—but rather sunbaked. We were told it was at its best in the spring and autumn.

Early in June we packed again and started off for Lake Garda, taking the train to Desenzano, where we found a motor to take us on to the hotel on the lake, finding it a hot and not very interesting journey. The hotel was huge, comfortable, with a good garden, with the rooms all overlooking the lake which is open and fine, with mountain ranges on the left. We found it a good deal cooler here, though the air was still relaxing. We were much disappointed by the stormy night followed by the wet weather next day, and had to make the best of the comfortable chairs, and a few old papers, which were all either Italian, French, or German. After an excellent lunch, the Chief Partner firmly took an umbrella and went for a long climb and walk.

But the next day was perfect. A steamer run up the lake to Riva was indicated. The steamers start from the hotel; sandwiches and fruit were given us, tea was to be got on board. The run up to Riva was magnificent, especially as we got to the narrow parts; the mountains grey, grim, savage, still had some of their peaks lightly covered with snow. Much of the stone was a curious yellow-green, that looked sulphuric. With the wonderful engineering power of the Italians, two roads, one alongside the lake, one higher up the mountains were being made, in many places

tunnelled right through the mountains. It was plain to see why there is not much unemployment in Italy; the men are willing to work, and work is found for them. In many places we noted lonely houses and churches, perched almost on the tops of these mountains. We passed also several little towns close to the water's edge, of which Malescina was much the most picturesque. Much building in the near future will be done on the shores of Lake Garda, for olives, citrons and vines were growing everywhere, and where they can grow the climate is mild in winter. We stopped for a short time at each little port, getting back to the hotel in time for dinner, feeling that it had been the best and most delightful day since we had left home. There was a beautiful evening light on the water.

On the whole we found this lake and the others rather excessively hot at this time of the year, and confined ourselves to the steamer excursions which were lovely and not tiring.

At last we moved on for Lake Como, with a very hot train run to Milan. Como itself was hot, too, but not so relaxing as Maggiore and Garda, because it is higher up. Still, we felt limp, had tea and rested, going early to bed.

Como has a long history. It was captured from the Gauls by the Romans in the second century, B.C. In the eleventh century it was a republic, but in 1127 it was destroyed by the Milanese. About thirty years later it was rebuilt by Frederick Barbarossa, who secured its independence by the Peace of Constantine; then some years later in the struggles between the Torriani and the Visconti, Como fell and became a fief of the Duchy of Milan. Later on, for two centuries, it suffered under Spanish oppression; was handed over

to Austria with the rest of Lombardy; and was at last liberated by Garibaldi in 1859. Among the most famous people who lived here were the elder and younger Pliny, of whom there are fine seated statues in front of the Cathedral, for they did much for Como. Their villa is also to be seen further up the lake where there is an intermittent spring which rises and falls every two hours for no apparent reason; it is described in the letters of the younger Pliny.

The Cathedral itself is built entirely of marble and shows the fusion of Gothic and Renaissance styles; the floors have very beautiful detailed carving, and the nave is covered with a groined vault.

We found much to interest us in the streets. The ancient church of San Fedele with its five-sided apse, and a doorway with wonderful bas-reliefs. A museum with prehistoric and Roman antiquities, a Town Library, and a Natural History Museum. In the shops silk and silk stockings were seen in profusion—home-grown, so to speak, for the caterpillars who make the cocoons are reared in many houses and rooms round the lake; the mulberry trees which provide their food line the roads, and the silk weaving machines in Como itself produce the very delightful results of an excellent industry.

But we could not spend all our time in the town, the lake called us, and steamer excursions every day were indicated, to Menaggio with its drives, its pleasant walks and views, its English church and golf links which attracts many English visitors; to Candanabbia, a favourite resort from which we could walk easily to Tremezzo by a shady road, visiting half way the Villa Carlotta with its garden of gorgeous flowers in a park, and its collection of modern sculpture which includes Thorwaldsen's frieze of the Triumphal Entry of

Alexander into Babylon and a Cupid and Psyche by Canova; to Cernobbio, with the Villa d'Este, which was built in 1568 by Cardinal Tolomeo Gallio. It was the home for four years of the unfortunate Queen Caroline of England. One long day was not found enough for the visit to Lecco at the extreme end of the lake, the scene of the famous novel *I Promessi Sposi*, by Alessandro Manzoni, to whom a monument has been put up there. It was thrilling to follow the story of the beautiful Lucia, the wicked Don Rodrigo, the amicable but unreliable Don Abbondio, and the faithful Renzo, as it was a tale with which we had long been acquainted, and the castle which plays such a part in the story still towers over Lecco.

Bellagio, which is ideally placed at the division of the lake has kept much of the picturesque aspect of an old Lombard town, and here also silk weaving and olive-wood carving is carried on; there is also the church of San Giacomo which dates from the twelfth century. Also little boats can be hired, and the Chief Partner being an oarsman, many hours were passed rowing lazily up and down the lake, for we called a halt of some days at Bellagio, as it fascinated us.

At last it became time to leave Como, which we unanimously dubbed the loveliest of the three lakes, as Maggiore was the most beautiful, and Garda the grandest. It was a short one hour's run from Como to Lake Lugano, which is partly in Italy and partly in Switzerland, and is a charming combination of the two countries. The town surprised us with its size and good shops. Most particularly were we interested in the arcades which are some of the finest we had ever seen, long, wide and shady, and used for selling almost everything from flowers and vegetables to shoes and silk shawls. All the shop people were very pleasant,



COMO
From the Lake

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with the childlike, smiling friendliness of the Italians, and the clean, straightforward freshness of the Swiss. We soon took one of the steamers which goes to one end of the lake, or rather round the greater part of it, which is very, very pretty with its mountain peaks and valleys, its well-covered hillsides, its quaint villages and churches. Snow was to be seen on the highest peaks. The steamer was large and comfortable, with good awnings to keep off the sun; at one end a band played—chiefly Italian airs—and we were served with strawberries, cherries and tea. The air, though very warm and dry, was most exhilarating. We had been told to take our passports with us, as, though we did not intend to get out, one end of the lake was in Italy and we must show them. One English family forgot to take theirs, so the Italian guards made them get out at a small wharf which was still in Switzerland, and there they had to wait till the steamer returned, a very disgruntled and annoyed family.

The next day was clear, and a run by funicular to the top of San Salvatore was indicated. The view from the top was wonderfully fine over the mountains and lake: one could even see Monte Rosa with snow on the top quite clearly. When we came down a good exploring walk into the back parts of the town showed us some nice old-fashioned streets, and several donkeys carrying loads of pottery made in the mountain villages; their drivers were country peasants wearing shorts, with embroidered waistcoats and black hats. After dinner we went out on the promenade to have a last look out at the electric lights which lit up the town, ran round the bays, and marked out the electric funiculars to the tops of the mountains: they sparkled like jewels, making even the stars above look pale.

We were able to include another lake on our journey home, Lake Lucerne in Switzerland, and we had perfect weather for that wonderful St. Gothard's Pass run, twenty-one minutes in the longest tunnel. We passed range after range of mountains, snow touched, covered with pines, with waterfalls dashing down their sides and flowing into the wide, rapid torrents below. The fields, which were covered with harebells and other mountain flowers, were all hedged by straight blocks of granite placed side by side, about four feet in height, rough-hewn, looking like miniature Stonehenges; there were miles and miles of these walls, evidently taken from the mountains just behind them. In some places thick slabs of snow lay still unmelted close to the railway lines. The air was quite warm but filled with fresh vitality. It was interesting to note that when we went into the tunnel the torrents were all dashing in one direction and when we came out of it they were all flowing in the opposite direction, for we had passed under the watershed. The Italian type of house had quite disappeared, and the well-known Swiss chalets took their place, with plenty of cows near them enjoying the good pastureland. Then down we swept to the lake which added another beauty to what we had already pronounced to be perfect. In the night there was a heavy thunder-storm. The next morning began with a good deal of noise in the street under us. At six o'clock a drove of cows passed with all their bells ringing; at six-thirty another drove equally noisy—then cars and motor buses galore. After breakfast we took a little victoria to drive round the most picturesque parts of the town. We were struck by the number of quaint old painted houses, fountains and elaborate hotel signs, the mural paintings and wrought ironwork very fine, recalling

Nuremburg and Munich. The chapel bridge, built obliquely across the river Reuss, dates from 1332, its roof is painted with a hundred and twelve episodes from Swiss history. Close to this bridge is the octagonal Water Tower.

We went on to see the Lion Monument carved in the living rock from a model by Thorwaldsen, to the memory of the brave Swiss Guard of twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers who laid down their lives in defence of the Tuileries in 1792. A beautiful thing, full of dignity.

After that we saw the bridge with the well-known Dance of Death. The pictures on the roof, very fresh and clear, of Death in the form of a skeleton, claiming his victims in every class of life. These were painted by Kasper Meglinger in the sixteenth century.

The next day was the International Regatta. We took seats in the steamer which followed the boat races. Many nations competing; a very gay sight, watched with intense interest by thousands of people. The Swiss on board our steamer were most friendly and pleasant. One young man asked the Chief Partner if he was representing an English boat club, because if so he would be delighted to take him round to the boat clubs in Lucerne and introduce him. It was very hot weather, but not relaxing, and we got back at six just in time to avoid a thunder-storm.

Another brilliant day we spent entirely on the lake, going up to William Tell's country. The mountains there are magnificent. We landed, took photographs and saw crowds of children, both on shore and on the steamer. In fact, we always were meeting parties of children, all looking so strong, healthy, fresh and happy; children any nation might be proud to own, they had teachers with them who pointed out every-

thing of interest. They were all well behaved, intelligent and courteous.

One more quiet day, strolling under the horse-chestnuts which border the end of the lake, a little shopping, then sitting out of doors for a few lazy hours and we said good-bye to lovely Lucerne, returning home all the fresher and brighter for our holiday.



The Vielliste, Gueniffet and the Cabrettaire, Guillaume

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“LA BOURRÉE” IN FRANCE

IN the south of France and especially in Nice, “La Bourrée,” as the French Folk Lore Society calls itself, has given us a pleasure it would be impossible ever to forget.

In their processions, dances, music, songs and their picturesque costumes, France—the France of the provinces of old days—is represented, with a variety which astounds and delights the eyes and ears.

Unlike in their dialect, their folk lore, their dresses and ways, yet all united in the same love for their country, the same love in recalling the past with vivacity and real talent.

On swings the gay procession through the streets, in pairs, arm in arm. From Normandy, Brittany, Alsace, Savoy, Auvergne, Provence and all parts of France. Difficult it is to say which of the girls’ caps and dresses are the most enchanting, which of the men’s costumes are the most attractive.

In the afternoons and evenings, singing, recitations and dancing displays are given, the people of Auvergne showing especial talent. The large grounds of some of the hotels and the halls of the Casinos are used in the principal towns along the Riviera.

The dances are played on curious old instruments, by the Cabrettaire Guillaume, and the Vielliste Gueniffet. The instrument of the former has a certain resemblance to a bagpipe, covered in red velvet and kept under the left arm, while the viell of Gueniffet is like the large mandoline that one sees sometimes in old Italian pictures, with this difference, that it has a

small handle attached to it which winds out the music as a barrel organ does.

The songs, in the old dialect of Auvergne, are varied, sad, merry and pastoral. The dances in their simplicity, dignity and vivacity, their regular rhythm, the tapping of the feet and movement of the hands to keep time, made a pleasant contrast to the languid clinging movements which one so often sees in a dancing room.

These people who revive so much of what was delightful in old France, are people of intelligence, real artists who enjoy what they are doing, and give others pleasure in watching and listening to them. Their Folk Lore Society has thousands of members. The objects of this Society are to establish friendly relations among those who seek a high artistic ideal; to offer a musical education to young people, and to make known the beauty of the old folk lore, dances and songs. Their headquarters are in Paris, where they meet once or twice a week to practise. When perfect they go out in groups to play, dance and sing. There is a very pleasant camaraderie amongst them all, but strict discipline is imposed on the little companies who go out to perform in different towns.

Could not we in England enlarge our folk lore society into one of this sort? London is as good a centre as Paris. It would interest hundreds of young people to join it. It would give pleasure to thousands, who would love to see their old songs, legends, dances and costumes revived.

What is chiefly wanted is a good general secretary to organise it and a few keen people to help him. It would soon grow, and the money gained for the performances would pay all expenses. England, Scotland and Wales would be represented. Little groups, after being trained, could be sent out to the different towns to perform.

Our climate is against out-of-door performances in winter, but halls can be found in every town, and in summer there are our lovely English gardens as a background.

ROSSIGNOLET DU BOIS

Rosignolet du bois, rossignolet sauvage,
Apprends moi ton langage, apprends moi à parler.
Et dis moi la manière comment il faut aimer,
Comment il faut aimer.

Comment il faut aimer, je m'en vais te le dire:
Il faut être sincère et beaucoup travailler,
Il faut savoir se taire et surtout oublier,
Et surtout oublier.

Rosignolet du bois, rossignolet sauvage,
Je connais ton langage, j'ai appris à parler,
Je connais la manière, comment il faut aimer,
Comment il faut aimer.



A Basque with his Bullock Cart

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TO SPAIN

At last! The long wished for, often talked of, holiday to Spain became a possibility. The two Partners left Jersey for St. Malo in April and from thence took the day train for Saint Jean-de-Luz, where they planned to spend some days, in order to see something of the Basque country, and a most uncommonly attractive country they found it, though not quite so dry and warm as they had expected.

The Basques themselves, though they live in both Spain and France, keep always their own individuality, and their own language. They are of the highest moral character, clean, hard-working and upright, and love liberty more than personal comfort. Their motto has always been, "Neither slave or tyrant." They have carried on their traditions, and hand on their homes from generation to generation, for they have great respect for ancestral traditions, and a feeling of personal dignity and honesty which is reflected in their faces. It was a favourite game with the Partners to point out who was a Basque and who was not, whether in the shops or streets, and on enquiry they found that they had seldom made a mistake. Their eyes are frank and self-reliant. They are very religious by temperament, greatly respect their women, whom they place on a complete equality with themselves, and never break their word. They are fond of sports, and the game which they admire most and play the best is "pelota," a sort of mixture of tennis and squash rackets, most interesting to watch. All the neighbourhood gravitate to the pelota court to watch a good game, from the

padre onwards. Their national dance is called the "Fandango," which is said to exercise every muscle in the body. On a public holiday, the Partners went to the chief square to have tea, listen to the local band and watch the town and country people drop in to dance the Fandango, a mixture of a jig and a sailor's horn-pipe, danced with a good deal of simple enjoyment and dignity by both men and women.

They are deeply attached to their customs and hardly ever intermarry with foreigners, and do not even care to teach their language to others. A French agent who visited the Basque country homes to buy products, found it a drawback that he could neither speak or write Basque and, wishing that his two sons should learn the language while boys, engaged a Basque girl as servant. She did all the work perfectly, but never spoke to the boys except in French. This annoyed her employer, who said, "Why do you not speak in Basque to my sons? I want them to learn the language!" She replied, "I never speak my own tongue except to my own country people" and, as it was impossible to get a better servant, he had to be contented with that.

St. Jean-de-Luz has the attractions of sea, mountains, and river; many English people live there and, for their benefit, there is an English church, English library close to the church, tennis, golf, hunting and good riding; also two small schools. The excursions into the country round are delightful, and the Partners went to as many places as they could during their short stay. To Fuenerrabia, a picturesque old Spanish town, where Charlemagne was staying when the news reached him that he was conquered; for Roland and all his Knights and Paladins had been slain at Roncevaux. Roland and his twelve Knights were buried at Roncevaux, and to this day on the Wednesday before Whit-Sunday the

Procession of the Crosses is held. From all sides penitents come down from the mountains in black tunics, carried high above each head is a rough wooden cross made from tree trunks, and when the Monastery and the Chapel of the Holy Spirit is reached, under which Roland and his Knights are buried, the crosses are lowered, and the pilgrims pray for the repose of the souls of Roland and his Paladins. A most impressive, stirring sight.

The excursion to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port is the most delightful of all, the country is lovely, the villages and houses so clean and perfect; one village was pointed out by the driver as having won the prize last year in France for picturesque order and cleanness. The slowly moving carts with solid wheels, drawn by the cream coloured oxen which we passed on the roads, added an almost Italian touch to the scenery. The drive took an hour and a half, up the valley of La Nive, and it seemed no time before St. Jean-Pied-de-Port was reached, a town in which old and modern contend with each other. It was formerly the capital of Lower Navarre. Louis XIV had it fortified, and Wellington passed through it when he entered France in 1813. The Partners had tea there and motored back in lovely sunny weather, with the memories of a perfect afternoon. The houses of the wine-growers, farmers, and private residents that they passed had all, they were told, been inherited from generation to generation, for the Basques think far more of keeping their house and property in their own family, and in good order, than of getting riches.

The afternoon's run to San Sebastian was not a success; it was wet, it was cold, it was windy; the place did not look attractive; the whole town was very crowded and noisy. Small children who looked as if they might have stepped out of one of Murillo's pictures,

kept shouting at the Partners for cigarettes, making ugly faces when they did not get them. Finding it too cold to walk about, they sat in the motor and watched the people, especially the hundreds as they came out from a bull fight in the Arena, a huge place with seats for thirteen thousand people, the largest in Spain; their faces looked tense and white, with fixed, staring eyes and cruel lips; one thought of cats, who after playing with mice for a long time, gobbled them up and licked their lips. The drive back through the fresh young spring green was enjoyable.

Several of the uncommon Basque churches were visited; they have two, sometimes three, galleries, in which the men and the boys sit while the women and girls sit in seats on the floor.

Towards the end of April the Partners passed on to Spain, having a little misadventure at the border station of Irun, which served to show the uncommon courtesy of the Spanish officials towards English travellers. The tourist agent from whom they got their tickets for special reserved seats for the long day's journey to Madrid, told them that the train left Irun at 10.15. They were at the station at 10—when they were told that the train had left at 9.15. Much disgruntled, they told the station master what had happened. He said there was no other train till 9 p.m. but the whole station buzzed with interest and sympathy. They were advised to put their luggage in the small station hotel, where they got two excellent meals and a room to rest in. On the arrival of the evening train they were put into a most comfortable first class compartment; the chief guard, with his hat off, told them that as they had missed the morning train through no fault of their own and had had reserved seats, they could keep this whole compartment entirely to themselves without

extra charge, and could lie down; they were tired and very pleased to do so, though regretting that they would miss the grand mountain scenery through which one passes on that journey to Madrid.

They drove straight to the central square known as the Puerta del Sol, where all the life of Madrid seems to centre and pass, trams, motor cars, ox-carts, mules, horses, donkeys and great multitudes of people all talking, men forming the large majority. They had jumped into quite warm summer weather, and were glad to spend that afternoon at El Retiro, a large public park, with trees in full leaf and a lake on which there were boats. They had tea there, watching the throngs of people with much interest—no roughness, no rudeness, all very well behaved.

Cervantes and his famous book *Don Quixote* are as of much present-day importance in Spain, as Mary, Queen of Scots is in Edinburgh. We visited the monument to their memory in the Plaza de Espana where a figure of Cervantes sits, while in front of him rides Don Quixote on his horse, with his hand raised, a visionary look in his face, Sancho Panza following on his stone donkey.

Then followed a visit to the Prado Museum, where at last one saw the finest pictures by Velazquez; they are wonderful: the finest perhaps being "Las Meninas," the little daughter of Philip IV of Spain, who later married Louis XIV of France; the light is centred on her little, childish figure in white, with her golden hair, surrounded by her Court, Velazquez himself in the background with paint brush in hand. There is a fine collection in the Prado of Spanish and Italian artists' work, and although it is not so representative as the National Gallery in London, still it is a very rich collection; El Greco, and Goya are to be seen here at their best.

Before leaving Madrid the Partners went to the former Royal Palace, now shown to everyone at two pesetas a head; the court outside is a playground for the street children. Some of the hangings in the royal rooms are lovely, painted and embroidered satin, while the great dining room has tapestries, some of them depicting Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on their adventures. The visitors going over the palace at the same time as ourselves, were nearly all of the working class. In fact they saw very few people in Spain of any other class, and were told by an Englishman who had lived there thirty years that the gentlefolks did not care to leave their houses till after sunset.

Another whole day's journey to Seville, the scenery gradually changing from the rocky, barren, grand heights of Castile to the well cultivated sunny slopes of Andalucia, groves of olive trees, fruit, flowers, fields of grain, flocks of sheep and goats, long-legged pigs, hundreds of donkeys.

There is an old story that Andalucia got its name in this way. An explorer was roaming about in Southern Spain, when seeing a man driving a donkey, he called out "What is the name of this part of the country?" The driver, not understanding one word, shouted to his donkey "Anda, Lucia!" The explorer thinking it an answer to his question, entered the name of that part in his notebooks as Andalucia. If true, it is very appropriate, for the Spaniards owe much to their donkeys.

The arrival in Seville was in the evening; the air was warm and balmy, the colouring of buildings, people and streets delicious, but the noise made by trams, motor cars and bullock traps on the cobbled streets appalling, especially as it continued most of the night.



SEVILLE
In the Alcazar Gardens

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In the morning the first visit was to the Giralda, one of the great towers in the world and formerly the greatest minaret. It is now attached by a flying buttress to the Cathedral; partly Moorish and partly Christian, the workmanship is very fine. The Cathedral itself is dark, and has been added to at different periods. Behind the high altar is the most wonderful carved wood carving, which is work in which the Spaniards excel; the windows too are most lovely. In the south transept is the body of Christopher Columbus in a bronze coffin, carried high on the shoulders of four crowned bronze figures, who represent Castile, Leon, Aragon and Navarre, for to them he had brought new worlds which he had discovered, aided by the money given to him by Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile. His son is also buried in the Cathedral.

The next day the Partners were joined by a brother and his wife, and the quartette did many pleasant excursions together. First to the Alcazar, the Moorish gardens which are unsurpassed, with their exquisite fountains, fountains and trees, tiled seats, tinkling fountains and sweet scents, which carry one back to the tales of the Arabian Nights. Many hours did we spend there. The drives in the little victoria carriages were restful, one got them for three pesetas an hour—driving first to the Park of Marie Louisa, where the rose pink acacia trees, provoked envy in the bosom of one of the party—then on to the Casa Pilatus, which the Duke of Alba opens to the public, with its rich mosaics round the courtyard with its fountain, and its scented gardens; on the way back passing the most famous street in Seville called the Calle Sierpes, so crowded with men, that one can only move slowly. One sees very few women in the streets, but all day long men lounging, slowly walking and talking, seldom

smoking—we were told they could not afford to do so; any little spare money they have pays for entrance to the Sunday bull fights.

One afternoon the Chief Partner went for a long walk through the back parts of the town and got hopelessly lost, there being no trams or carriages to be got. At last one of the gorgeously attired policemen came in sight; he accosted him saying, "Plaza San Fernando?" Quick in the uptake, the man replied "Hotel Inglaterra?" and receiving a nod, he whistled up a younger policeman, giving him instructions to escort the Englishman back—a good walk, and one wondered if a foreigner in London would have been shown the same practical courtesy.

On May 10th, a general strike was declared all over Spain; two people were killed in Madrid, two in Andalusia and several wounded. In Seville no carriages or taxis were to be hired. No waiters were to be seen in the hotels. In the afternoon six aeroplanes armed with machine guns circled round and over the town. The streets were wonderfully quiet owing to the lack of traffic. The next day the strike was over and life resumed its usual cheerful noise. There is much unemployment and hunger; constant begging goes on even in the churches. Most of the work seems to be done by the donkeys who with baskets fastened to their sides carry from door to door the milk, vegetables, meat, fruit and fuel, as well as acting as steeds for their masters. The men who have no donkeys and nothing to sell, sit about all day in the sunshine, but they do not look unhappy, perhaps that is owing to the sunshine.

Soon the Partners had to start back on the return journey, staying for a few days at Cordoba, visiting there the old Roman bridge, with its Moorish water-mills of entrancing picturesqueness. The marvellous

Mosque, now a Christian church, opening on to the Court of Oranges was one of the greatest shrines of the Moslem world; one feels lost in it, on all sides stretch out avenues of white marble surmounted by arches of red and white; the Partners had never seen or imagined anything like it. It is the second largest place of Christian worship in the world, St. Peter's in Rome being larger. A fountain shaped like a pineapple, with long pipes coming from it, was worth a visit. It is mentioned by Cervantes, and in the little hotel just opposite he wrote part of Don Quixote.

Toledo was the next stopping place; one of the oldest towns in the world, it stands aloft on its rocky plateau. A guide took us over the Cathedral with its carved wooden reredos, equal to that in Seville, its choir stalls with scenes from the conquest of Granada, its tenth century glass, its locked up treasures of old manuscripts, embroideries, precious stones, gold, silver and paintings worth many thousands of pounds; most of them only taken out three times in the year, when they are carried in procession through the streets. The abject poverty of the people just outside the town, living in little hovels, "gave one to think furiously."

The quaint house of El Greco the artist, with many of his pictures in it, was visited, and a cool and delicious lunch in the Hotel Castilla much appreciated, for the Partners were weary after so much sightseeing.

As they moved slowly off in the train *en route* for Jersey, the Chief Partner said with a sigh of pleasure: "Of all our pleasant little holidays this has, I think, been the most interesting. But I fear there will be a revolution there before long, I have never seen such crowds of restless, unemployed people, or so many beggars. It's a big problem to face."



The Twenty-Fourth of May in Aix

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AIX IN SAVOY

OUR next holiday was to San Remo, and I am sorry to say we were very disappointed in it. Perhaps we arrived too late in the spring, for we found it hot, dusty and noisy. The large hotels were all empty and closed; the English Church had a few, but very few, people in it on Sundays. The English library, and a very good one it is, had only a few members taking out books. The band seldom played, and most of the walks were too steep for tired people who had come for rest and refreshment.

We managed one or two excursions, and drives in victoria cabs. We went to visit the Villa Zirio where the Emperor Frederick had spent some months during his last, sad illness. If he had lived and had a long reign, what a difference it might have made in the history of Europe. He would have prevented Bismarck from inciting the Germans to prepare for war, for he was a wise, far-seeing man, and loved peace.

We prowled about too in the dark, narrow, picturesque back streets, finding that nearly every one of these little houses had electricity and wireless.

From there we visited again Mentone, Monte Carlo, also deserted Maurizio—very dull—the flower market, the port; the old medieval tower at Taggia: and admired the little Russian Church in San Remo, built in pre-war days, with its eight very striking looking domes covered with bright tiles, each dome surmounted by a tall gilded cross. Now it stands always empty for the Russians are too poor to keep it up.

We were sent too, complimentary tickets for con-

certs at the Casino, and went to one or two which we enjoyed.

But we could not stand the noise and heat for long—all day lorries and motors streamed through the town, and most of the nights gun-carriages thundered by, keeping one awake. We could stand no more.

With pleasure we packed up, departed by the morning train at eight and, soon leaving the blue sea and palms behind us, turned up towards the Alps, taking that most wonderful journey through mountain gorges, crossing and recrossing torrents and picturesque mountain villages, the largest of which was Tenda, finding the Alps still covered with snow, although it was the middle of May. This line is a most uncommon bit of engineering with many tunnels, the longest about five miles in length. At one o'clock we reached Turin, changed trains, and started for the beautiful Mont Cenis Pass. We hung out of the window to look at the plains, with their fresh green trees, grass and flowers, which lay surrounded by a circle of jagged snow-capped mountains, all most lovely. Just sixteen minutes it took us to go through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and we were fortunate in having the carriage to ourselves, so no one was bored with our exclamations of delight.

Of course we had to get out at Modane to have our luggage looked at, but the officials only opened one suit case. We were told that Mussolini had given orders that everything should be made as pleasant as possible for the English travelling in Italy. We dined in the train and at last reached Aix-les-Bains at about 8.30 in the evening, tired and ready for bed.

Next morning we strolled about Aix. It is really a charming place, overlooking Lake Bouget, surrounded by mountains, the air most fresh and life giving, the

weather sunny and warm. A number of hotels, and a great number of English people: some of whom take the famous baths, while others, like ourselves, listened to the band, visited the reading room, and went for excursions. Altogether we felt that we had fallen on our feet.

Our first excursion was a motor drive right round Lake Bouget, the largest lake in France. Such a pretty run, the colouring, soft greys and greens; more like the English and Swiss Lakes than the brilliant Italian Lakes. The drive up the Col du Chat very fine indeed with its hairpin bends. We found the acacia trees in full bloom, the chestnuts just dropping their flowers—once an eagle passed us flying quite low. Refreshed with tea on the terrace of the hotel at the top of the Col du Chat, we sat dreaming and looking down at the view over lake and mountains. A restful delicious afternoon.

Next day we were asked to join an excursion to the Abbey of Hautcombe which used to be the burying place of the Dukes of Savoy. First we motored to the Grand Port, a pleasant run along roads shaded with plane trees, for the French understand the art of tree planting. At the Port we took places in the motor boat, which took us swiftly to the Abbey. This piece of ground still belongs to Italy, for their Dukes lie there. We visited the tombs, spoke to a young priest there for a few minutes, and then a quick smooth run back to Aix.

As usual, when abroad, we met unexpected friends. That evening as we were having our coffee after dinner, two smiling friends appeared, saying that they had heard we were in the town, and had taken much trouble to find us. They had asked for us at two or three hotels, where we were not, finally had gone to

the Police Station, and asked the policeman in charge if he knew where we were. Were told that the police knew perfectly where we were. Asked for our address, but were told coldly that, unless they could write down in good French, their reasons for wishing to see us they would on no account be given our address. As they really did not feel prepared to write down in cold blood that they simply wished to have a friendly chat and then hand the paper over to the police archives; they departed, determined to trust to their own sleuth methods, and that evening as they were going back to dinner, they saw us entering our hotel, and came over to see us as soon as their own meal was over. The Chief Partner remarked with a twinkling smile that "it was great to hear that the Savoy police preserved our incognito so well." After that we often drank the waters together, and listened to the band in the mornings.

The last and most beautiful excursion from Aix, we thought, was to the Grand Chartreuse, formerly filled with monks, who were turned out by the French Government years ago. An enormous place, set in the middle of a range of magnificent mountains, the noblest that we had yet seen in Savoy. The drive up was wonderfully fine. The Monastery itself, built to defy the elements, was of stone, with cloisters 250 yards long, and the interior felt cold and damp. What ascetic, hard working men these monks must have been, no luxury, no warmth here! They worked to keep themselves warm; they lived on the vegetables that they grew, they slept in cells, which rather resembled a very plain cabin, which in some cases opened into a little plot of ground, which they had to keep in order. The guide took us to their enclosed burying place; the monks had stone crosses above their graves,

and a path separated them from the graves of the serving brothers, who had only wooden crosses over them: the guide who pointed this out, remarked, that even in the churchyard, they were above and below the salt, so to speak! We turned to look at the famous Chartreuse, again and again, as we left it, thinking what a waste it was to leave this huge, strongly built place empty. It might be used for so many good purposes.

It was a wonderful drive back, too. We passed the Col du Granier, quite the finest mountain we saw, it looks like a massive castle thrown up by giants, and left roughly unfinished, at the foot of it was a tiny hotel, where we had a pleasant tea, and afterwards picked gentians, and enjoyed the spring green and the shrubs. It felt good indeed to be alive.

The twenty-fourth of May was quite an Empire Day celebration in Aix. A very pleasant little ceremony was held in the small public garden, where stands a monument to Queen Victoria; for the people of Aix really love and respect her memory, she paid frequent visits there, benefited by the baths, and left a lasting impression of her great dignity and goodness. Cards of invitation had been sent to the English visitors, and seats were reserved for them arranged round the garden, the music was provided by a detachment of Chasseurs Alpins. Lord and Lady Willingdon who had just arrived by aeroplane from India were present, they were received by the Mayor wearing his tricolour sash who welcomed them very cordially. Lord Willingdon began his speech in French and finished it in English, a very pleasant courteous speech. Then there was much "entente cordial." "God save the King" was sung by all present, and then "The Marseillaise."

Two handsome girls in Savoyard costume presented Lady Willingdon with a gigantic bouquet of red, white and blue flowers, and helped her to carry it, as she advanced to lay it before the monument, in front of which was an effective flower garden, which represented the Union Jack most correctly in colour.

Invitations had also been sent to the English residents to a gala performance at the Casino in the evening, to meet Lord and Lady Willingdon. There was a cabaret performance followed by dancing, all very informal, but we did not stay late. The performing dancers who had come down from Paris were by no means Victorian.

Our next delicious motor drive was to Annecy, a lovely run, especially when one got in sight of the lake itself. We stopped at some pretty tea gardens near the water, enjoying the great beauty, and talking to an interesting old lady who had travelled a good deal, and had now settled down on the hills behind Nice for the sake of the climate, always returning to Aix in May with her car and maid. She had spent her honeymoon in Jersey, had visited it again twenty-five years afterwards, finding it much changed. On our way back we stopped for a time in the town of Annecy, with its old canal and quaint shops, liking greatly what we saw of it.

The climate, the pleasant drives, and the quiet out-of-door life was all most restful, and nights of long sleep followed each healthful day. We found plenty of flowers, especially the wild cyclamen which grow in millions under the trees, and scent all the woods; they are used a good deal for the special sulphur soap, and are looked on as a speciality of Aix.

It was certainly not our lucky day, when we took a motor to see a small lake called Aiguebelette. It was a

very long afternoon's drive, we had to pass over great heights, and most of the road was rough, so it was a jolting, battering and tiring afternoon, still, as everything in Savoy is, very beautiful; but even the beauty was spoilt by pouring rain and a thunder-storm. We had a scratch tea in the Hotel Bellvue overlooking the lake, but the chauffeur hurried us off with frantic impatience saying he did not wish to be caught on the heights of the mountains in really bad weather, as that might mean an accident. As it was the car slipped and skidded once or twice, and only good driving saved us.

It is delightful in the country parts of Savoy to see that the national dress is much worn, on festival days, and Sundays. The brightly coloured shawls, capes and aprons, many of them handsomely embroidered, the closely fitting caps, sometimes of velvet and gold, sometimes of lace and coloured silks, are most refreshing to the eyes. They are proud of their national dress, not ashamed of it. They are also a friendly people, who will give any information asked for, most pleasantly, and enjoy talking to the visitors to their country.

Another picturesque thing in Aix is the sedan chair. It, or rather they, for there are many of them, are used much to carry the bathers from the hotels to the baths, and their bright striped curtains are closely drawn, so that no curious eyes may see who is passing. Some people of course walk to the baths, but the more serious cases are carried straight from their beds, and really it's almost worth being a serious case, to be carried in such a romantic way down the streets, seeing, but unseen. Sometimes a face peeps out from between the curtains, not often.

The people are rather proud of their park, which is new. One sits under shelter, or else in the grounds,

taking tea or ices according to your age or taste. One listens to a band, sometimes military, sometimes civilian, and one also listens to the voices round one speaking in many different languages, and one eats abnormal quantities of strawberries and cream and cakes, that is, if one is indifferent to one's digestion. On Sunday afternoon this park is always crowded; you must go early to secure a seat.

One day there was a street fair, and there were many country people filling up the streets. I rather like street fairs as a rule, but this was not a particularly interesting one. Did not find a single thing that we wanted to buy, not even on the book stalls. So we wandered off to the "Potinière" where English people foregather, and had some tea.

Well, the very young on the sunny side of thirty might not find Aix gay enough, but many of them would: the walks, the motoring, the boating, would suit the most active: and, as for their elders, given fine weather, and given that they have a love of out-of-door beauty, Aix is perfect. Most people leave it saying: "We will certainly come back again, if possible next year." And so home via Paris.

